Chilhowean '14

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"And there is Pansies, that's for thoughts."
Ophelia's Song in Hamlet.

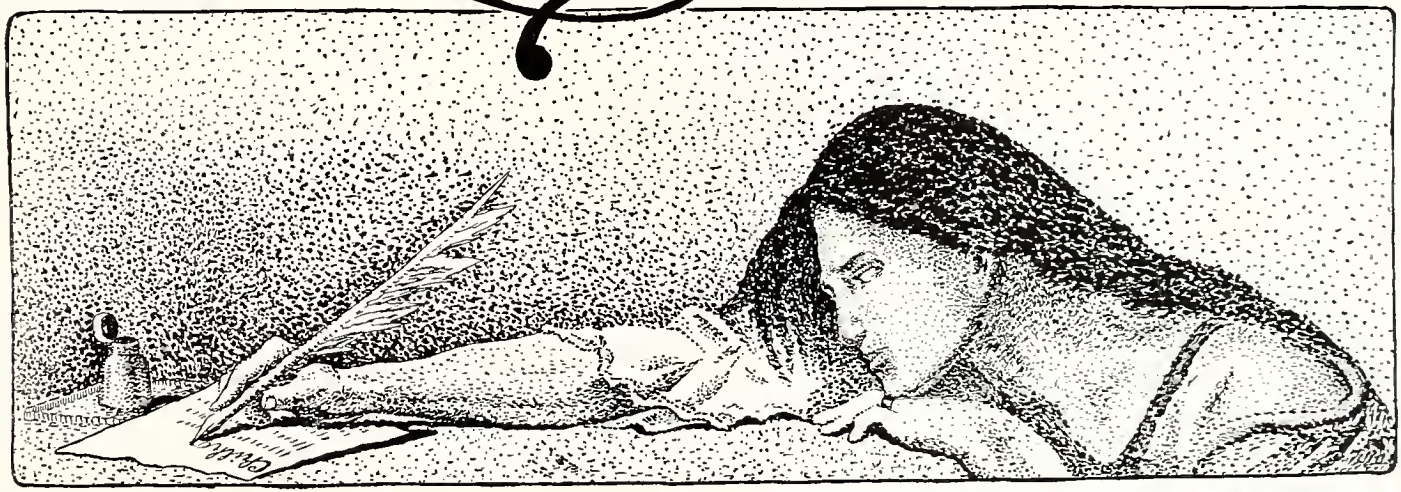
Pansies

Thots of the morning, when the diamond dew
Lay on the loved old garden back at home,
Lay on the pansies, dark faced leaking friends
Betaking their beauty in their perfect bloom.

Thots of the evening, when the coral lights
Played fitful fancies down the twilight west,
When graying shadows touched the pansy heads,
And weeing breezes nodded them to rest.

Thots of the night, when the moon's mellow sheen
Lay like a magic mantle silver wrought;
And pansies in the urn beside the well,
Ah yes, there's pansies, pansies that's for thots.

Chilhowean



TO

FRANCIS MITCHELL MCCLENAHAN, M.A.

AS AN EXPRESSION OF OUR HIGHEST APPRECIATION

FOR

HIS FAITHFUL GUIDANCE IN THE REALMS OF SCIENCE

AND

HIS KINDLY FRIENDSHIP

AND

HIS LOYAL SUPPORT IN OUR COLLEGE ACTIVITIES,

WE

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE

THIS VOLUME OF THE CHILHOWEAN

Francis Mitchell McClenahan was born January 27th, 1876, in Winterset, Iowa, and prepared for college at the Olathe, Kansas, High School, and in 1896 graduated from Tarkio College, Tarkio, Missouri. From 1896-99 he taught Chemistry in the Pittsburg, Pa., High School, and in 1900 received his B.A. degree from Yale University, and in 1901 his M.A. degree from the same institution. In the years immediately following he pursued graduate courses in Yale and Chicago Universities, doing special work in Inorganic and Physiological Chemistry and Physics, holding in turn graduate assistantships in the Kent and Sheffield laboratories at Yale and in the chemical laboratory at Chicago.

1903-05 he was instructor in the Kansas State Agricultural College at Manhattan, and in 1906 he was called to the chair of Chemistry and Physics in Maryville College, which, with the exception of one year spent in a similar capacity at his Alma Mater, Tarkio, he has held until now.

Professor McClenahan is a member of the American Chemical Society and of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Some of the results of his careful research work are contained in his published articles, one on, "The Water of Crystallization of Certain Hydrous Chlorides," and one on "The Development of Fat in the Black Walnut," these articles being published by the American Journal of Science and the Journal of the American Chemical Society, respectively, and reprints being made from them in the German Chemical Journals.

Those who know Professor "Mac" best, forget the Chemist in the man and love him heartily for his wholesome and ready sympathy for those about him, and for his friendliness and abundant good cheer.

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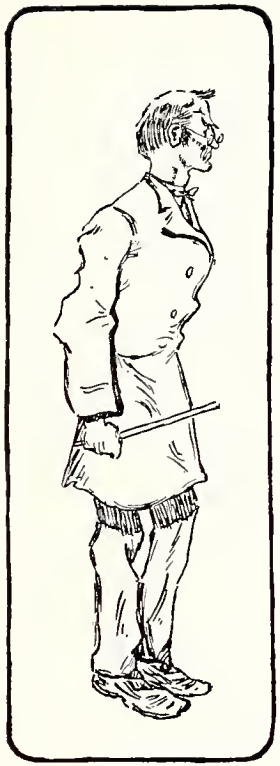
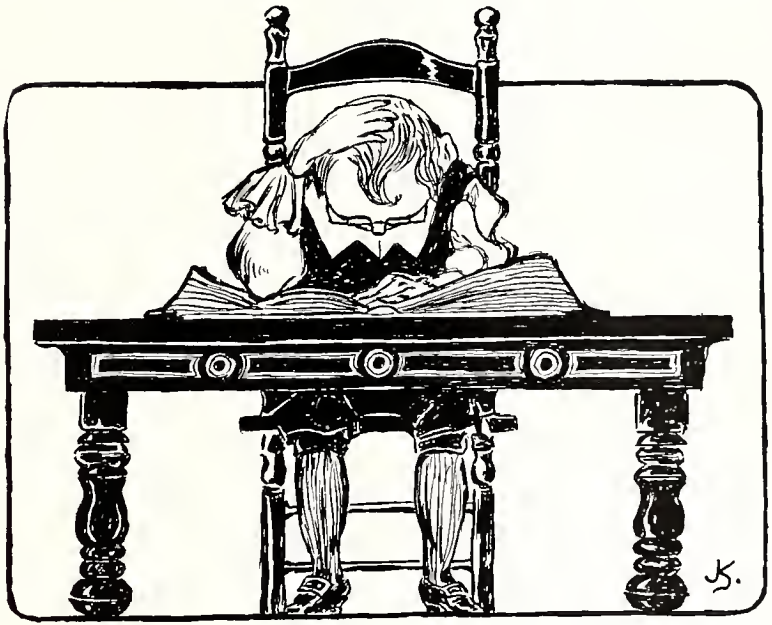
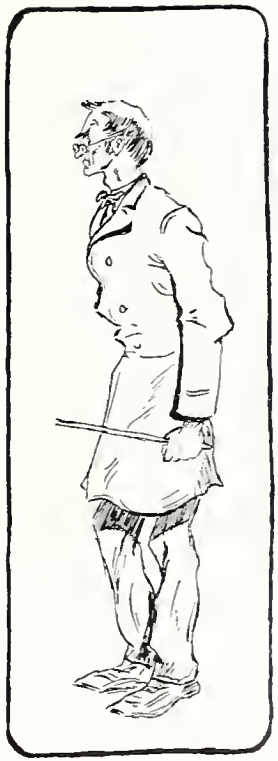
FACULTY







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Rev. Clinton Hancock Gillingham, M.A.,
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M
Senior
Faculty
President Wilson
1914

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Edgar Roy Walker, B.A.,
Mathematics.

Mary Victoria Alexander, B.A.,
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Alice Isabel Clemens, B.A.,
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Nellie Pearl McCampbell, B.A.,
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Mabel Broady, B.A.,
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Ralph Waldo Lloyd,
Mayme Rebecca Maxey,
Assistants in Physiology.

Arthur Henry Kelso,
George Morris Adams,
J. Charles Walker,
Assistants in Physics.

Adolphus Rankin McConnell,
John Albert Hyden,
Assistants in Algebra.

Faculty Assistants

In Memoriam

REV. ELMER BRITTON WALLER, M.A.

1859—1913.

Dean and Professor of Mathematics and Political Economy.

"The color of ground was in him, the red earth;
The smell and smack of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The mercy of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Beneath the mountain to the rifted rock;
The undelaying justice of the light,
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower,
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky."

—MARKHAM.

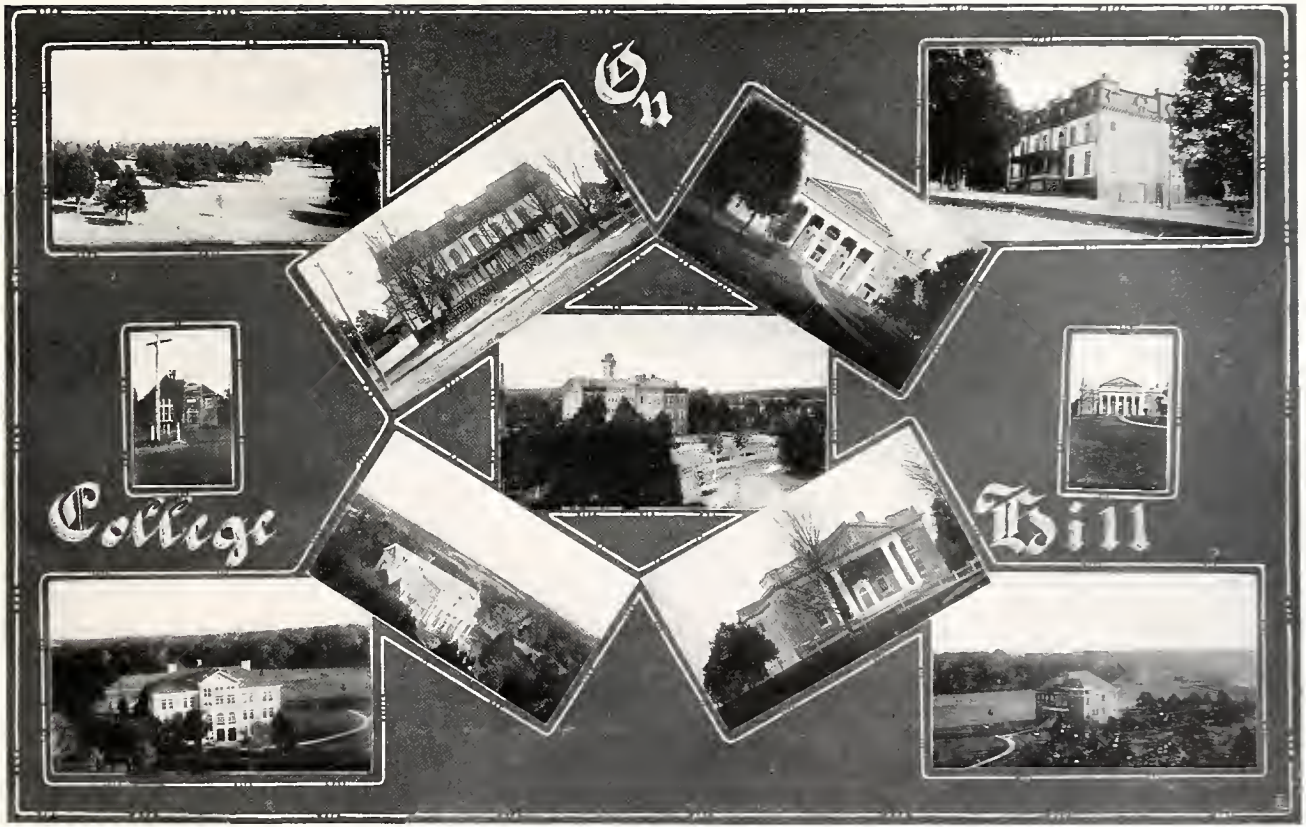
MAJOR BEN CUNNINGHAM

1840—1914.

Treasurer and Business Manager of Maryville College.

"Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambition's crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
* * * * * *
Rich in saving common-sense
And as the greatest only are
In his simplicity sublime.
O good grey head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fallen at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er."

—TENNYSON.


On
College
Hill

Foreword

The Class of Nineteen Fourteen writes this foreword. We are on the dividing line between education's pleasant pasture lands and life's vast boundless practicalities. The world says, we college men and women are unpractical—let the world try us.

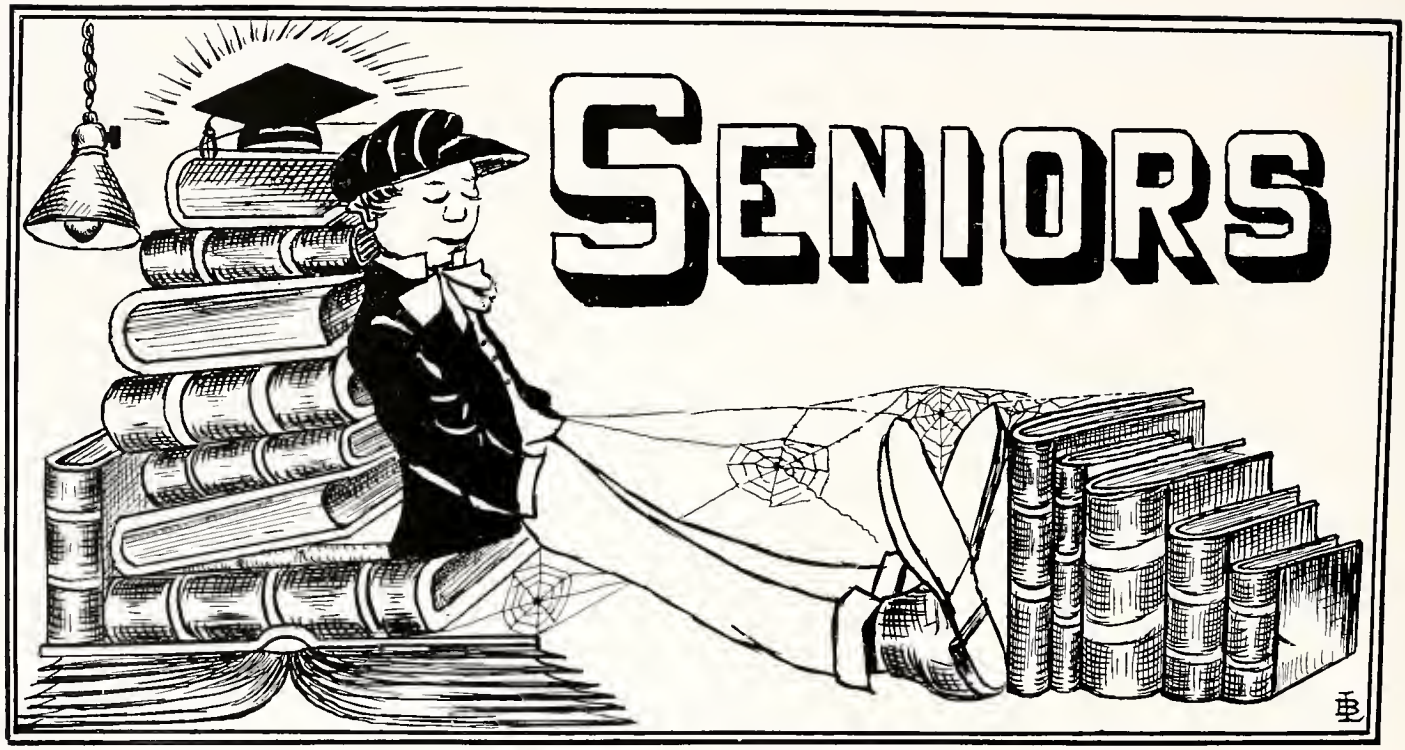
It is true, we have not faced the stern, dread things that experience brings; we have not dealt with men after their infirmities and whims and fancies, but thru the years of youth we have come, reading the unforgetable records of those who were worth while, tracing in the sands of time, those whose footprints remain there still,—ineffacable forever. And with their spirit, made ours through the heritage of the years, we stand untried but unafraid at the beginning of the way.

To those who love old Maryville, for memory's sake, because of what she has meant in moulding character and directing destiny; to those who love her now because they reap the harvest of her riper years; to all who love old Alma Mater, greeting.

This book is our farewell to memory-hallowed academic haunts; to college hill and college days; it is as truly our challenge to the world, upon whose threshold now we stand, ready to serve it even in the spirit of our motto—

Reperiemus viam aut faciemus.

SILZ-DR



FLOWER: Pansy

COLORS: Orange and Black

MOTTO: Reperiemus viam aut faciemus

OFFICERS

F. LEWIS MILLER ..... President

GRACE ELMORE ..... Vice-President

JOHN A. HYDEN ..... Editor

ADDISON S. MOORE ..... Secretary and Treasurer

FRANK LEWIS MILLER

East Moriches, N. Y.

"Willie the Long" is from New York, and he bears about the same relation to that state's reputation as does the principal liquid product of a certain Wisconsin Village to said village's fame. Willie is long in lots of things besides his seventy-one inches of altitude. His long stride, and endurance have made a name for him on the cinder path. He was captain of track in 1912-13, and Manager of track in 1913-14, besides being holder of the local record for the half mile, 2:10 3-5, and winner of points in other events. He was a member of the basketball squad in 1913-14, and has played on all our Class basketball teams. Willie also has a long business head, having been Business Manager of the Monthly in 1912-13. He was Exchange Editor of the Monthly in 1911-12; a member of the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet in 1912; Secretary in 1912, and Vice-President in 1913, of the Athenian Literary Society; and Photographic Editor of the Chilhowean. To cap off this illustrious career, we elected Willie President of our class, but the Faculty failed to be satisfied, and so added to his honors by naming him one of the commencement day orators of our class. Willie as his worn and emaciated form indicates has been a busy man among us, but has not been too busy to occasionally don his derby (size 6⅜), and equipped with a ready made smile and well cultivated Irish accent, fare forth into the primrose way of moonshine.

F Lewis Miller

Alma Armstrong

ALMA MABEL ARMSTRONG

Bradentown, Florida

"Happy" is a fit name for this Florida member of the Class of '14. We would have named her "Happy," on the strength of the fact alone that once she grinned for three minutes and eighteen seconds at a distance of four and a half inches, which same being the world's record for the standing broad grin. But there are three other reasons why the name fits. Happy is an athletic lady, as her record shows. She was for three years a member of the Varsity Basketball team; and was Captain of the team in 1912-13; and was twice a member of the Athletic Board of Control. In 1912-13, she was Assistant in the Chemical Laboratory, and from this ordeal, as from all others thus far, escaped with smiles, only to be elected to the coveted (?) position of Editor-in-Chief of the Chilhowean. In 1911-12, she was Class Editor and in 1913-14 a member of the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, besides being President of the Bainonian one term. "Happy" is of a legal turn of mind, and so requested that these remarks be couched in legal phraseology. It is our regret and the world's sorrow, that we were unable to do so, but it is to be hoped, however, that even such a disappointment as this will in no wise hinder her from being Happy ever after.

JAMES FRAZIER BRITTAIN

Maryville

"Jim," or to be familiar "Brit," has had quite a career as a Maryvillian and proof thereof follows. To begin with, Brit is an Athenian, and was Secretary of the Society in 1912. But the great star role of Brit is Athletics. In 1911, he was a member of the second Basketball team; in 1912-13-14, a member of the Varsity basketball team of which he was Captain in '13. In 1912, he was a member and Assistant Manager of the football team, and in 1913 was Manager. He was also Captain of our Class football team in 1911, when we beat the Freshies, besides being Athletic Manager of the Class. Brit has played on all our Class baseball teams, and in 1913 was Captain, besides making quite a reputation as a pitcher. To cap it all off, Brit was in 1913-14 Vice-President, and for almost the entire year acting President of the Athletic Association. The why of the above splendid record is, that Brit goes into everything with all the "punch" requisite to carry it through. He is not much of a moonshiner, but then he left that to his brother, and so made sure that both his own work and the moonshining would be well done. So here's luck to Brit, and bad health to his neighbors for he intends to be a doctor.

James F Brittain Jr.

Ludvik Burian

LUDVIK BURIAN

Martinice, Moravia

Ludvik left his home in Bohemia in 1907, and arrived in our States on Thanksgiving day of that year. Somehow his steps were turned southward from the usual route of immigrant travel, and in 1909, he entered our school. Beginning at First Prep., he completed his High School course in two years, in which time he was Vice-President of the Class of '16. He entered College as Freshman in 1911. "Lud" was Secretary of the Athenian in 1912, and Vice-President of the Foreign Club in 1912-13, and many other things he did, such as Co-Ed Track instructor in the noon hour cinder path athletics. But in one thing——. Well, you know in every College generation there is some one who has a gift of spattering paint, and as you also know, one is king of all cartoonists so long as he holds sway. If you pardon me for mentioning M. C.'s art dynasty, I think the line is quite like this in recent years: Alexander, Shelton, Tedford, Burian. Now these old monarchs reigned a year or less, but Lud has held that office these last three years with undisputed sway. All hail, then, to the genius of our class, King of College Spatter Club and Chilhowean artist, His Highness of the brush, Lord Ludvik Burian!

RALPH ST. CLAIR CARSON

Hendersonville, N. C.

"R. S." is just slightly the greatest man in our class, in brawn at least, and our rival classes have found this to be the truth in no uncertain way. In 1911, when we played football against the Freshmen, R. S. played guard on our team, and '15ers were stage-struck every time they were called on to tear up our line. He is also somewhat of a baseballist, being a member of the Varsity Nine in 1910, and a pitcher in 1911, '12 and '13 for our class team, and captain of the team in 1911. He was the first president of our class, chosen perhaps as most Freshman presidents are because of his formidable appearance, but proved an efficient president in every way. He was also a member of our class debating team in 1911, and all thru his four years has been a loyal Athenian. He was Editor of the Y. M. C. A. in 1912-13, and in 1913-14 was president of the local Prohibition League, a new organization on the Hill. R. S. insisted that he be written up as an "ex-moonshiner," but we hardly thought that would be fair to "Her" or those who know better, so we will not mention that feature of his career. He has been custodian of Bartlett Hall for the past two years, and between that place and Baldwin he has divided his spare time.

Ralph S. Carson

Frankie Clark

FRANKIE BELL CLARK

Christiana

Frankie or "Frank," which is easier to say and will do just as well if she doesn't object, is the silent member of the class, but since there is a lot of Scripture, poetry and blank verse to prove that silence is golden, we should not have any serious objections to this particular phase of Frank's character, especially as long as gold stays in demand. Frank came to us three years ago from Tennessee College over in the other end of the State, and entered as Freshman. Did we emphasize that *three years* sufficiently? Yes, she, like a few others of the class of '15 got ambitious to get out into the "wide, wide, world," and so, joined us this Fall. In spite of her silence and the fact that three years is short time in which to crowd four years' work, she has always been a banner student. She is one of Daddy's pets, probably because of her ability to "Reason, without confusion clearly"; or maybe that's only one of the reasons. Frank is also a loyal "Y. W." member and a Bainonian. Next year she's going to teach school, so rumor tells us, and we have a lot of confidence in the belief that she'll make good if she does.

LUTHER LAURENCE CROSS

Gastonburg, Ala.

"Brother" got his nickname from the home folks, but because we could think of nothing more fitting it has stuck to him through his four years on the Hill. In 1911-12, before we knew all we know now, we chose him as Treasurer of the Class. He was a member of the Class Tennis team for three years and although this is one of the few lines in which '14 has failed to score victory, none of the blame is Brother's, for he always played good tennis. In 1912-13, he served the Athletic Association as Tennis Manager, and in the same year, was Treasurer of the Y. M. C. A. Brother also has a reputation as an orator. In 1912, he won the Athenian Society Medal for the best oration, and in 1913, was our Intercollegiate Orator at Carson & Newman. Brother has strong prejudices. He prefers to sing—"Precious Jewels"—he insists on "Being Shown," and declares that the only hoodoo about '13 is that it comes before '14. He was Commander-in-Chief at the Siege of Fredricktown, and is a recognized authority on "what they did last year." He intends to be a Preacher.

L. L. Cross.

Victor C. Detty

VICTOR CHARLES DETTY

Scranton, Pa.

"Vic" came to us fresh from the Central High School of Scranton, Pa., and for a year he moved among us all unbeknown. But in that year he had the hard luck to try cross country running,—out through the fields you know,—and they say he has been going to the country ever since. Anyhow, in 1911-12, he was Manager of the Track Team. Vic's religious propensities made him Secretary and Treasurer of the Ministerial Association in 1911-12; a member of the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet in 1912-13-14 and of the Advisory Committee of the same; then finally, leader of the Volunteer Band in 1913-14. Interspersed among his country visiting, Vic has made tracks in other walks of college life. In 1912-13 he was class Secretary; in 1913, President of the Alpha Sigma Literary Society; and from the year 1912 to 1914 he was Assistant in the Loan Library. We have only one more thing to say: Vic's a good boy, and Vic's a great boy, and Vic will certainly make good in China, in Africa or wherever he takes up his abode, if only—somehow that "blooming" country visiting gets fixed up all right.

GRACE GLADYS ELMORE

New Market

"Teddy" came to Maryville after graduating from New Market Academy but it was not until the Spring of 1913 that she became a member of our class. In the brief time she has been with us we have learned to regard her as one of us in all of our work as well as play. Besides holding offices in her former class she is Vice-President of our class this year. As a member of the Bainonian Literary Society, she has been influential and active. Many of the college girls who have had the pleasure of visiting in her home can testify to anyone who might care to know that she is a mighty good cock and a charming hostess. Grace has been chosen by the Faculty to deliver one of the commencement day orations, but it does not follow that she has been a bookworm, for although she graduates in the Classical Course, which means no little work, she loves a good time and not only loves it but has it. She is noted for her wonderful influence on those around her. For is it not a fact that for fifty minutes she kept Mr. Tilford from discussing the lesson out of his turn one day in Dr. Barnes' class?

Grace Elmore

W. F. Fyke.

WILLIAM FOSTER FYKE

Springfield

"Doc" is one of the veteran '14ers, and as you see a Tennessee product. There are numerous things for which Doc is famous besides being "Ranger's" adviser and general manager, but they will be enumerated below. Doc graduates in the Scientific Course, which is a very natural thing for a Doc to do, and he was in 1913-14 Assistant in the Organic and General Chemical Laboratories. He is a member of the Athenian Literary Society, and whenever '14 has had a successful athletic team Doc has been one of the important elements in its success. In the famous Fresh-Soph Football Game in 1911, he played end; and was center on our victorious Basketball Team the same year; and in two inter-class baseball games has held down second base with great success. But Doc's bright particular star role is in disposing of refreshments at class parties and elsewhere. His birthday must be somewhere near Easter for he is the original egg-eating title holder. Whenever Doc ceases to consume his share of the "Shanghai Berries," may the Orange and Black cease to stir our hearts to pride, but rather droop in shame and ignominy. Doc never moonshines, and we are rather inclined to think that there's a reason.

JAMES THOMPSON GAMBLE

Maryville

We are glad to have "Ranger" with us. We make this introductory remark because every year since we have known him, he has declared it to be his last year in Maryville. It has always been "U. T. for me next year" or some equally transparent fiction, but the next September has always found Ranger back on the job with the '14's, and his record with us has been one of loyalty and efficiency. He graduates in the Math. Course, which is in itself no mean achievement. He is a member of the Athenian Literary Society, and in 1912-13 was Vice-President of his class. Ranger further shows his class spirit when spring comes and the call of baseball is abroad in the land. He is a dyed-in-the-wool "fan" and besides this, although not a star performer, has done much to give our class a successful baseball record. We owe the name Ranger to Doc, for the rest of us call him "Jim." Doc tells about once when Ranger forgot his Lyceum tickets. Nevertheless we're mighty glad U. T. didn't get Jim.

James T. Gamble

Erma Hall

ERMA MAY HALL

Maryville

Erma is a Maryville maid, who has been through college in the literal sense, having taken all her Prep. work here. Despite the rather discouraging prospect that awaits the prophet seeking honor in his own country, and among his own people, Erma overcame the handicap, and was the choice of our class for President in 1912-13, our Junior year; and right competently did she perform her part. She is a Bainonian, and although not noted for her much speaking is nevertheless not deficient in loyalty to her Society. Her home has always been open hospitably to the girls from the Hill, and especially can the '14 girls testify to many pleasant hours spent there, away from the common-placeness of the dormitory. Erma is just a little bit the "littlest" of all the Seniors in avoirdupois, weighing just about as much as a hundred pound sack of flour, and being about as high as a medium-sized meter stick. But considering all this, we believe there are hopes for Erma, and as far as we can tell, there are hopes for someone else, too.

AUGUSTUS GARLAND HINKLE

Inez, Ky.

Hinkle took his preparatory course at Inez, Ky., in the Wilson Memorial Academy, and in the Fall of 1909, he journeyed to Maryville, entering as Freshman that year. At once his genius began to find him a place in college activities. He was made President of the Ministerial Association that Fall, and in the Spring of '10 he was a member of the class debating team. Then followed a period when the campus was not lighted by his presence. But Hinkle, the preacher, returned in '11, and his quiet ways and pious looks soon made their impression. In 1912 he was placed on the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, and later, he became the student member of the advisory board of the Y. M. C. A., both of which offices he held for two years. And in the Alpha Sigma Literary Society Hinkle also made his mark, being editor of the College Monthly from that Society in 1912-13; Recording Secretary in 1912; President in 1913; and on the Standing Intercollegiate Committee for the two years 1912-13; 1913-14. Besides these manifold duties, he served his class as editor in '12-'13 and as Business Manager of the Chilhowean. And what more can we say of such a one, save to wish that as he filled well all places in his college course, so he may some day fill the highest pulpit in the land.

A. G. Hinkle

Edwin R. Hunter

EDWIN RAY HUNTER

Bicknell, Indiana.

"Eddie" came to us in our Sophomore year from Greenville, a Free Methodist Institution, and having to some extent imbibed the spirit of that College, he has, to say the least, been free with his talents and his ideas—when he has any. His ideas take shape in poetry as well as prose. The success of the College Monthly during the year 1912-13 was largely due to the ideas that came to Eddie, while he was Editor- in-Chief. He must have had a few more ideas, for he was one of our Class Debaters in 1912, Intercollegiate Orator in the same year, and winner of the Athenian Oratorical Contest in 1913. He was elected Vice-President of the Athenian Literary Society in 1912, and President in 1913. It is said that Eddie writes with his left hand, but this did not prevent him from holding the position of Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in 1912-13 and of the Athletic Association in 1913-14. Would you believe that ideas and Chemistry go together? Well, Eddie goes with Chemistry, or at least he has gone into the laboratory for two years to assist Professor McClenahan. Eddie has also been a member of the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet. When we were looking for some one to fill space on our Annual Staff, of course we chose Eddie as an Associate Editor. As a pastime he has taken up the study of German, and was chosen President of the newly formed club in 1912-13. On certain evenings Eddie still studies German, or at least says he does. Again Eddie uses his ideas in his plans for the future in several directions. If you do not believe it, just watch him.

JOHN ALBERT HYDEN

Philadelphia

John, "Mutt" or whatever you choose to call it, is the intellectual member of our class, and is a mathematics shark, rather a rare bird by the way, on our classic hill. John is quite an editor, being at present Editor of the class; Athletic Editor of the Monthly; and when there was a German Club on the hill John was the Editor of that too. John is also somewhat famous as a business man, being Assistant Business Manager of the Chilhowean, and Tennis Manager in 1913-14. Besides these things, John was a member of the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet in 1913, and was President of the Athenian Literary Society during the Winter Term 1914. He was also Secretary of the Society, and a loyal and efficient member. These represent the violent, outbroken things John has done while among us. They tell nothing of the contortional possibilities of his facial muscles, or the probable depth of the convolutions of his brain. We would be doing John an injustice to leave our readers to infer that he has ever voluntarily moonshined, and also to leave unmentioned the fact that for three years he has successfully roomed with "Dad" Reeves.

John A Hyden

Nell Kirkpatrick.

NELL ROSS KIRKPATRICK

Mooresburg

Nell took her preparatory course at Tusculum College, and incidentally graduated here in Domestic Science and Art. And by a lucky concatenation of events, she came to Maryville, in 1910. Now, Nell is an athlete not so much on the cinder path, but her noble little soul aspired to greater heights of glory. From the day she hit Old Maryville, even until now she has tossed the big round pill for the '14s in Basketball. And during those same years she was on the Co-Ed second team, and on the Varsity in '13. But was Nellie great in Athletics alone? By no means; she boldly strove for literary fame, and ever took in moonshining. Her attempts at letters were rewarded with success, and the Presidency of the Bainonian Society. But moonshine as yet is not altogether so prosperous, not having come to an issue perhaps. Speaking of moonshine, that reminds me. Our Nell will be "right there" when it comes to the "sure thing" under the pale yellow light of her majesty, the moon. Long a post-graduate in the Art and Science of the home, she is now Assistant in that department in Maryville College. Well, well, happy be the noble youth, who is aspiring to—yes, "them's my sentiments." Good day.

CHARLOTTE HAUER LANDES

Florianoplis, Brazil

"Shylock" is a star. Stars are cold, gleaming, and distant, but she is none of these things. However, she does possess many of the qualities, which are commonly known as stellar. In the first place, Shylock of the rosy cheeks and raven locks, has starred in her studies, being one of the four members of our class, who is making College in three years. And even though she was once a member of that '15 bunch, we admire her judgment in leaving them, and so have welcomed her with us. Particularly is she known to be a stellar language student, which reputation won for her the Secretaryship of the German Club in 1912-13. As a Bainonian, she has been Society Editor, and as an active member of the Y. W. C. A. she has held the office of Vice-President, and has been for two years a member of the Cabinet. We spoke a moment ago of her language proclivity, and must mention it again to note the fact that all her extra joy and spirits have found expression in an inarticulate and heathenish singing and jabbering as she goes about her work. She has a very easy touch-offable laugh and also has an after-dinner moonshine habit. She is going to be a missionary, and so is he.

Charlotte H. Landes

Mayme R Maxey

MAYME REBECCA MAXEY

Maryville

Mayme is one of the charter members of our class, and from its start to finish she has been a very loyal member. Her interest in class affairs can be measured by her participation in all inter-class games and her well executed official duties. In the general life of the college she has paid special attention to athletics. Her wearing of the "M" signifies that she has played on the Varsity basketball team for three years. More than that, she was elected Captain, and further confidence was placed in her, when in 1912-13, she was chosen Manager of the team. In the Fall Term of 1913-14 she was an assistant in Miss Green's Physiology Laboratory. She is also a member of the Bainonian Literary Society, which she has faithfully served. But Mayme has one fault and that is a strong tendency to look backward instead of forward, and as time goes by, it becomes more pronounced for the class of '15 seems to be a mysterious drawing power to her affections, possibly because it contains some one who has also won the magic "M." As she goes out into the world, may she be as successful in her chosen vocation as she has been in the things she has undertaken while in College.

ADOLPHUS RANKIN McCONNELL

Maryville

In introducing "Mack" we might say that he sometimes sings, and that he was once heard to ask, "Why does a person shut his eyes when he sings?" He also has an inveterate habit of telling jokes, at times when you do not know whether the surroundings demand that you split your sides laughing, or maintain a sober countenance. However, it is not these facts that make him so popular with the girls on class party nights, for Mack has a horse and buggy. He is a good mathematician, as shown by his being chosen when the faculty were looking for a substitute Math. teacher. If you understand two or three languages it will be safe for you to speak with him, but if you do not you are pretty sure to be addressed in some ancient or modern tongue. He is an Alpha Sigma, although membership for him means a four mile walk after the meetings. As to future Mack is undecided, whether he will manage one of Cook's Tours or restore peace and tranquillity in Mexico.

Adolphus R McConnell

Jonnie McCully

JONNIE ANN McCULLY

Maryville

Anthropologists disagree. Some say four thousand, some ten thousand, and some even place it at sixty-four thousand. Doubtless you see that we mean thousands of years, and that we refer to the length of man's existence upon the good old earth. Never in all this time has such a conversation, as the one given below, been recorded. When the Editor-in-Chief took down the receiver the observant listener might have heard: "Is that you Jonnie?" "Yes, this is Alma." "We're going to have a staff meeting tonight, and I want to know all about you, so I can give you a good write-up before we meet."—"No, of course not, you know better than that, Jon. What in the world do we care about your love affairs?"—"Yes, that's what we want, but wait a minute, to what literary society do you belong?"—"What was that?"—"O yes, of course, Bainonian. You are too modest to say whether you have been a loyal member."—"Why, the idea! Everybody knows without telling that you have been."—"Well, I've got that down. What next?"—"No, we do not want that."—"Say you are a tennis and basketball player, aren't you?"—"Yes, I remember you played on the class teams."—"What?"—"No-o-o, yes, I have it down that you are one of the Associate Editors of the Chilhowean. You sure didn't think we could forget that, did you?" "Alright, don't forget to tell the rest tonight. Good-bye."

ADDISON STRONG MOORE

Maryville

"Add" believes in doing things, therefore he has done things, is doing things and will continue to do things as long as there are things to be done. As the term "things" may not particularly impress you, we will explain. When only a Freshman, Add held a position on the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, and during the year 1913-14 filled the office of Vice-President. As one of the most loyal members of the Athenian, he has served it as Vice-President in 1912-13; and fittingly represented it and our Alma Mater as one of the Intercollegiate Debaters in 1913; and as student representative on the Intercollegiate Committee for the year 1913-14. In athletics, Addison has lived up to his middle name. As a center on the Scrub Football Team in 1913, he persisted in making holes in the opposing line no matter how much he was outweighed by his opponent. Besides these college activities, Addison has been one of the persons to whose consistent work the Mission owes its existence. With such a record behind him, can you blame the Seniors for choosing him as Class Treasurer and as Poet on the Editorial Staff of the Chilhowean?

Addison S. Moore.

Mary Kate Rankin

MARY KATE RANKIN

Dandridge

"M. K.,""Rusty" or "Sandy" as she is variously known, only recently came to the editors, and insisted that she be mentioned as the "bronzette"—and of course we yielded to her entreaties. We have a vague impression that some time in the past, we were informed that bronze is a mixture of copper, tin, zinc, and lead; therefore we have reached the conclusion that—but we dare not linger on this. M. K. is our chief exponent of that gentle art that "hath charms to soothe the savage, break a rock, or bust a cabbage." She graduated in Piano in 1911; in voice in 1912; and in 1913-14 was Assistant in Music. She is also a worker along literary lines, having been a member of the Bainonian Literary Society during her College course. In 1912-13, she served as Secretary of Bainonian, and in 1913 was chosen to the position of Exchange Editor on the staff of the College Monthly. Because of her enthusiastic and consistent work, she was given the honor and responsibility of President of the Y. W. C. A., and her administration has justified the confidence placed in her. Gladly would we write more, but words fail us. N. B.—Take just one more look at her picture.

ERNEST MAYRANT REEVES

Sacramento, Cal.

For a long time when we wanted Reeves, which was seldom, we called him "Tightwad," but in the sad latter days a certain air of—well, dignity coupled with reports, brought to us by certain emigrants from the old country, which same old country being Oklahoma, has fastened upon him the name "Dad," and so Dad he is. Dad has been with us four years, and for the four years has been a member of the Varsity Baseball Team, and in 1913 was Captain of the Team. His chief claim to fame is the two hits he poled off Jeff Tesreau of the Giants, in the famous Giant-Maryville game last April, but besides this, he has the habit of chasing around promiscuously over the left hand side of the outfield, and pulling in flies that would have been hits over any but a fielder of the Cobb-Speaker-Jackson type. Dad was also in 1912-13, a member of the Athletic Board of Control, and is one of the Assistant Managers of the Chilhowean. He is a member of the Athenian Literary Society and holds the endurance record in Spherical Trig. Dad ran the last quarter of the famous relay race when we were Freshmen, and he still likes to tell how near it came to being his last quarter. He also ran at Quarter when we played the '15's Football in 1911, besides having spent the summer with Chauncy at Fayetteville, and having been for four years senior member of the firm Tightwad & Co., Students Pressers, as well as an honorary member of the Tar Heel Club, and Daddy's pet.

Ernest M. Reeves

Minnie L. Rowland

MINNIE LEE ROWLAND

Alexandria

"Min," we call her Min for the same reason that we call the kitty, to get her to come, has been with us off and on, for three years, and is among us and about to graduate, unless she flunks in Ethics, which is scarcely probable. Min got her early education and ambition to come to Maryville at Branham and Hughes Academy at Spring Hill, Tennessee. There is one thing that we are sure of about Min, and that is, she has full possession of one of those highly useful articles, a mind of her own. She has been a Theta Epsilon, the only one of our class to honor that Society with membership. She does not seem sufficiently impressed with the wickedness of her immediate surroundings to want to spend precious time working against them and is looking forward to a missionary career across the seas. And if she goes at that as hard as she goes at "Psych." outlines and "Chem." here, we believe she'll make good. She is also somewhat of an artist. Besides these things, Min is an exclusive society lady, with due emphasis on the exclusive, for she has not even introduced Him to us yet.

EVA MAY SAMSEL

Tate

"Eve" or "Sammy" as she is best known to a few, has been in Maryville for five years, having finished her Prep. work here in 1910. And in these five years she has had sufficient time to prove her ability in many and varied ways. Eve is a Bainonian and in 1910-11 was Treasurer and in 1913, President of that Society. In 1913-14 she was a member of the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet. But to offset these literary and religious tendencies, Eve went in for athletics, and her efforts along that line have only added to the fame, which College traditions give the Samsel name. For two seasons 1912-13 and 1913-14 she was a member of the Varsity basketball team, and through the latter season was Captain of the team. She was also a member of the Athletic Board of Control. Besides these Athletic propensities Sammy is a suffragette and a German student, in proof of which last, she once translated the College Song into the Kaiser's best Deutsch, and received honorable mention therefor. She is an ex-school-ma'am. We mention this under protest, and in order to satisfy her we desire special emphasis to be laid on the "ex." And in conclusion, and by the way of further satisfaction, would mention that Eve desires to exchange post cards with Adam. Let no little man apply.

Eva May Samsel

James K. Stewart

JAMES KIRKPATRICK STEWART

Wilmington, Del.

This Delaware Preacher, with the sheepish grin, is known by as many aliases as a New York Gunman, being variously known as "J. K." Jim, "Jeb," "Jabbo," and James, and under them all for four years, he has been a very valuable member of our class. He was President of the class, Sophomore year, 1911-12, and succeeded in bringing order out of about as chaotic a bunch of Sophomores as ever ran loose on the Hill. In 1912 J. K. was President of the Y. M. C. A., an unusual honor for a Sophomore to receive, and one unusually well borne; and in 1913 he was member of the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, being Chairman of the Music Committee,—and just here, we'd better pause to mention Jeb's musical ability. For three years he has been basso profundo on the college quartette and about every other quartette on the Hill and in town. He was further connected with the Y. M. C. A. in 1913, as Manager of the Lyceum Course. In 1913, he was President of the Alpha Sigma and also was Janitor of the Society in the following term. He was a member of our Intercollegiate Team in 1913, winning in the Oratorical Contest against Carson-Newman here. Jeb also has been a member of the Class Football and Baseball Teams. He played us just one trick however, when last September he flew off on a tangent, or some other kind of a biplane, and went to Wooster, but three brief months sufficed to develop a severe case of Maryvillitis in our Jimmie, and just before Santa Claus came to Maryville, J. K. came too.

WILLIAM HARMAN TILFORD

Ludlow, Ky.

"Tilly" came to us fresh from the town of "Sin-sin-at-her," no wonder he has his hoofed Majesty and the fair sex on his brain. Whatever connection there may be between Cincinnati and sin, this much is sure, the pot began to "bile" in Maryville when Tilly came around. And it continues to do so. Tilly is an Athenian, and a preacher; a Presbyterian and a Quaker. For two years, during a heavy College Course, he filled the pulpit of the Friends' Church in town. Filled the pulpit! Well I should say. Moreover as a member and Secretary of the Ministerial Association, he helped to found and keep alive a prosperous Mission in the slums of the town. Again he had a philosophical mind, and just could not help it. Why you could see it sticking out all over, and, because of this mind, he was made Assistant in Psychology in '13-'14. There was no fooling with Tilly, whether serving hash at Pearsons, or eating the same. And this much we know, whatever else he may do out in the walks of life our Tilly will walk as fast as the next one.

Wm H. Tilford

Andrew B. Waggoner.

ANDREW BELL WAGGONER

Lebanon

"Wag" passed the High School gauntlet at Castle Heights Prep. School. Then in his pursuit of knowledge, he entered Cumberland University, taking all the honors there in his first two years. Then he turned book-agent for a time, and laying by a goodly store of gain, he turned his steps to Maryville, seeking profit—intellectual and otherwise—both of which he found. Wag got a late start here, but made up lost time by his speed. Joining the Athenian, he was soon made program secretary and in the Spring of '13, he won the Temperance Oration in the Argumentation Class. He was elected Secretary and Treasurer of the Adelphic Union in '13. His increasing popularity and ability placed him as Editor of the Monthly from the Athenian, and Assistant Business Manager of the Chilhowean. Wag had an up-hill road to climb, being handicapped by weak eyes. Yet just as he has made his mark in College, so, in years to come we predict for him a brilliant career, with Proffitt, behind the bar.

Yells

1910-11.

Rackety-kax-ko-ax-koax!
Rackety-kax-ko-ax-koax!
Who are-who are-who are we?
Nineteen-fourteen. Don't you see?

1911-12.

Ee-yah Ee-yah!
Wiff, wack, Orange and Black!
Wiff, wack, Orange and Black!
Hi, yo, sis, boom, bah!
Sophomores, Sophomores!
Rah, rah, rah!

1912-13.

If we rest, we rust!
If we rust, we bust!
No rest, no rust!
No rust, no bust!
Sheepskin, Sheepskin,
Sheepskin or bust!

1913-14.

Psychic, Ethic, Theistic
Classic, Rustic and Mystic!
We're all this stuff,
Including the bluff!
We're Seniors realistic!

Class Poem, 1914

We started forth with morning's early dawn,
  To trace the mountain pathway to the peak;
The valley mists lay ghostly white about us;
  The dew lay diamond bright beneath our feet.
Faint rosy shafts of daybreak touched the summit,
  And pale before them waned the lingering moon;
A breeze sprang up, and thru the dark green cedars
  Moved to the cadence of a solemn tune.

The wine of morning filled our veins with gladness,
  And led us carefree up that dew strewn way;
Till pausing, looking down at last behind us,
  We saw the valley in its shroud of gray.
But upward on we pressed then toward the summit;
  The sun rose high and tired grew our feet;
The way grew ever steeper, and all wearied
  We wished then for the valley's cool retreat.

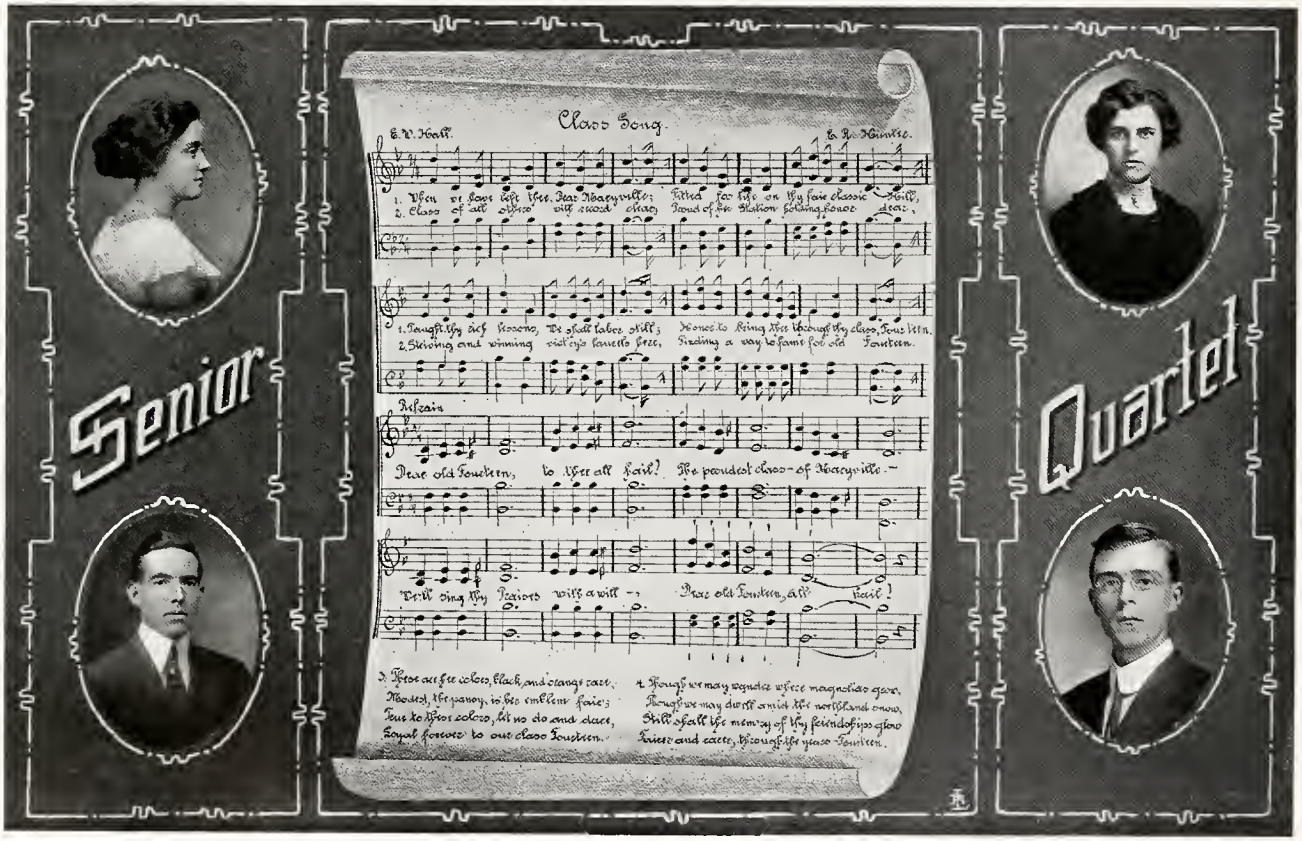
There seemed small promise in that rugged pathway,
  Which unrelenting led us ever on,
The peak frowned high above us, and the passes
  Seemed steeper than our feet could tread upon;
But there upon the mountain as we faltered,
  And half despairing turned us from the steep,
We found a grassy, sheltered, little haven
  Beside whose spring we lay us down to sleep.

And so arose, strong to attain the summit,
  And stand to gaze below us, at the scene
Far passing any that our valley vision
  Could e'er have led us to have dreamed I ween;
Glad were we then for all the tiresome journey,
  Glad for the valley shadows and the spring,
But gladder for the beauty of the vision,
  That lay before us there a wondrous thing.

And so, dear classmates, has our four years' journey
  Led us to summits on the hills of life;
Led, it is true, out of rare pleasant valleys,
  And up rough steeps 'neath burdens and thru strife;
But led us, no less surely, to the summit
  From which, below us lies the world in need,
Fairer to us because we know the struggles
  Thru which he goes who wins the victor's meed.

But all our journey's vain if at its ending,
  We do not sense the purpose of its course,
If seeing all the world in need before us,
  We do not stoop to lend it of the force
We gained from sympathy with those who struggle,
  And shared with others when the victory's won.
And so altho our glad four years are ended,
  We find that life for us is just begun.

As we
14
are seen


Senior
Quartet
Class Song.
E. V. Hall.
E. R. Hunter.
1. When we have left thee, Dear Maryville; Fitted for life on thy fair classic Hill,
2. Class of all others with record clear, Proud of her Station holding honor dear,
1. Taught thy rich lessons, We shall labor still; Honor to bring thee through thy class, Fourteen.
2. Striving and winning victory's laurels here, Finding a way to fame for old Fourteen.
Refrain
Dear old Fourteen, to thee all hail! The proudest class of Maryville.
We'll sing thy Praises with a will — Dear old Fourteen, all hail!
3. These are her colors, black, and orange rare,
Modest, the pansy, is her emblem fair;
True to these colors, let us do and dare,
Loyal forever to our class Fourteen.
4. Though we may wander where magnolias grow,
Though we may dwell amid the northland snow,
Still shall the memory of thy friendships glow
Fairer and rarer, through the years Fourteen.

Fires and Fireplaces

If you are rooming in a dormitory or if you ever have roomed in one of those steam-heated arrangements, you know the beauty of a fire. You know its beauty because you know what it means to do without it. He must be a cold-blooded creature indeed who can sit beside a dumb, featureless radiator, when the north wind is finding every crevice, and chilling every bone, if sitting there with a blanket around his rattling bones and the radiator only half-heartedly responsive to his need, he does not see visions of the fireplace at home, and long for its old time warming, satisfying glow. It does not have to be a fireplace, even, it may be a polished, burnished baseburner or only an old wabbly box stove, but if it is only that, he would gladly endure the escaping smoke for the sake of being sure there was a fire at hand.

My mind wanders back now to the old fireplace and to the stories that the flickering lights have told to me alone. There are stories in the fire. Turn out the lights and see the shadows play upon the wall and floor and ceiling. Turn your eyes back to the glowing coals and let your thoughts wander as they will. Today you studied the chemistry of fire. You found out the theories through which wiser men than you have sought to solve its mysteries. You found out about phlogiston and oxidation, and you will go finding out other things as long as you live; but are you wiser now than when you used to sit, a child, and fancy that the fairies danced among the coals? You are not a child now. You have put away childish thoughts and childish things, but are you better than the child you were? You are a man now, and still there are lessons for you in the fire. Stir up the embers and see the awakened glow, that flushes red through all the room. There is a purpose, and energy even in those dying coals. There is a joy in their mission of life and comfort. What is your mission, and how are you filling it? Are you keeping your heart closed against your neighbors? Is your face cold and expressionless, a very tomb-stone of a buried hope? Is the one next you in life's pathway cold and wayweary because you fail to lend him warmth and cheer? The fire is dying, but still it glows with joy of having done its best.

Ah, see that coal break into pieces and the flames flash up and light the wall. Your thoughts are wandering again.

You travel back in fancy along the path of life, until you reach the sunny days of childhood. You feel the joy of springtime in your veins, you catch the rippling cadence of the brook and hear the birds sing. Your memory wanders on into the golden summer sunshine, and fancy leads you down into the cool deep shade along the winding river. You wander on into the cool bright days of rare October, when the wild grapes ripen and the old corncrib fills to bursting, and then in memory it is winter again, and the old fireplace makes home a haven of comfort. The years roll on—not all alike, not always sunny, but filled to overflowing with fragrant recollections—and never can care come so heavy, never sorrow so appalling, but an hour beside the old familiar fire-glow will flood the chambers of the past with a sheen of golden joy light, and light you back to days of carefree gladness.

Stir up the embers and forget the chill of all these lengthening years, pile on more logs, and in the freshening glow accept a golden promise for the future.

Night

Ah, I sit in my window tonight, as the light
  From the moon wraps the hills in its sheen,
And shadows and shades fill the plains; and the glades
  Lie silvery soft in the mists between.

And the sweet night air like a fragrant prayer,
  Bears a burden of peace and rest,
From the far off stars, where the paling bars
  Of twilight glow, still tinge the west.

And tonight, I can hear the soft rain,
  As it warmly caresses the sod,
And its dripping, sweet, incessant refrain,
  Is chanting the praise of God.

IZ-OK

COLORS: Garnet and White

FLOWER: Carnation

MOTTO: "Ad extremum durabimus"

OFFICERS

ANNE CRANE.....President
JOHN V. STEPHENS.....Vice-President
RALPH W. LLOYD.....Secretary and Treasurer
WINIFRED PAINTER.....Editor

YELL

Kike, koax, koax, koax!
Side, didax, didax, didax!
Eureka, Eureka! Sis, boom, bah!
Junior, Junior! Rah, rah, rah!

Junior

In the sunny state of Florida, where snow and wintry skies are never seen, where untold fruits and flowers grow, is the quaint old city of St. Augustine. On one narrow street stands an old, half-stone, half-wood building, erected during the 16th Century by monks of St. Francis. It is the oldest house in America.

Once, two Juniors, from Maryville College, raised the great brass knocker which is upon the door, and waited in excitement and expectancy until a bright maiden opened and bade them enter. Within, they found a room with mediaeval furnitures and walls covered with antique relics and treasures. A kind, old lady told them wondrous tales of the things they saw, and finally led them to a court at the rear of the house. She pointed to a round, open-topped, old-fashioned well of stone, and said: "Look into the waters of that well, young men, until you see your own reflection. Then, make a wish; and whatever it may be, it will come true. The well never fails." The youths bent over the edge and gazed long and intently into the water mirror below. Then, one asked the other: "What did you wish?" The answer was: "I wished that I might realize fully and completely the true meaning of being a Junior." "But," said the one who had first spoken, "I cannot see how that would amount to much, anybody knows what a Junior is." "Yes," his companion answered, "but there are few who stop to consider what it means. As we usually think of it in connection with college life, Junior means merely the Third Year Class—the one just below the Seniors. But it should signify to us the approach of our Commencement in life's real work; it is the name that should bring to us realization of our transition from youth to maturity; for with the advent of this year, one casts aside the swaggering bashfulness of Freshman days, and the superior haughtiness of the Sophomore, and assumes again a natural disposition of increased simplicity and wisdom. Ah! it is this year with its readjusting and developing influence, that should cause us to definitely complete our plans of life. Do you, my classmate friend, think of these things or do you only drift along, getting your credits, and hoping that school days will soon be over and you will soon be a man?"

"I must confess," replied the Junior who had been listening, "that I had not thought of it in just that way."

His companion continued, "Junior does not alone mean a Third Year College Student; it, more correctly, denotes a 'younger person.'—a youth. Youth comes and rests so lightly upon our shoulders; we bear it so thoughtlessly, so aimlessly, then cast it carelessly aside, forgetting that once it is gone no earthly power can bring it back. This well, dug so long ago, in this city, built by those who came across the great deep ocean in search of the long-sought 'Fountain of Youth,' wrests from my heart a prayer that we who are Juniors in a Twentieth Century Christian College, may, before it is too late, lay hold upon the full significance of the name we bear."

"Oh, thou Ancient Well, stamp upon us an imprint of thy name,

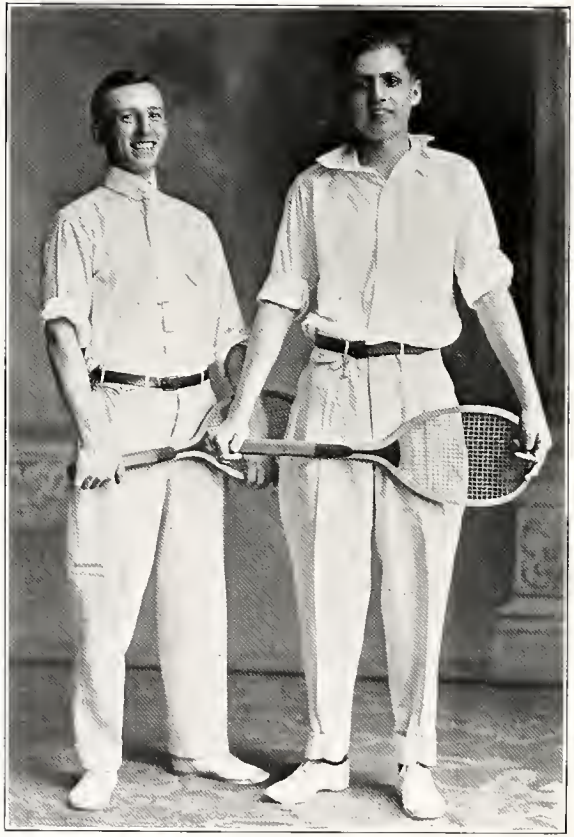
and grant us this wish: that with our opportunity and potential power, we may so mold our bodies, minds, and souls, that when our years are many and our steps are slow, we shall have no need to search beyond our own hearts to find the Fountain of Youth!"

And our Junior friends left that house that day wiser and more thoughtful, and returned to their Alma Mater with new and loftier resolution.

College Tennis Teams since 1908

1908-1909	C. R. Hall, M. H. Barnes
1909-1910	C. R. Hall, M. H. Barnes
1910-1911	M. H. Barnes, J. A. West
1911-1912	M. H. Barnes, J. A. West
1912-1913	M. H. Barnes, R. W. Lloyd

Lawn-tennis has always held the interest of Maryville College students in a more or less diluted form. It is considered by most people a very foolish game, because at the end of a hard afternoon, the ball is just where it was in the beginning, and the only thing that has changed is the white duck pants. Somebody has said that, when a strong farmer with wrists like the ankles of a Missouri mule, watches a few city dudes chasing a fuzzy ball with enlarged fly swatters, and shouting "love all," "love fifteen," and other mormonistic expressions, he cannot conceal his scorn and never tries to. A great many strong men have decided to play a game of lawn-tennis with some small collegian and an hour or so later have retired in a state of collapse, having run seven or eight miles without getting there in time to swat the ball.



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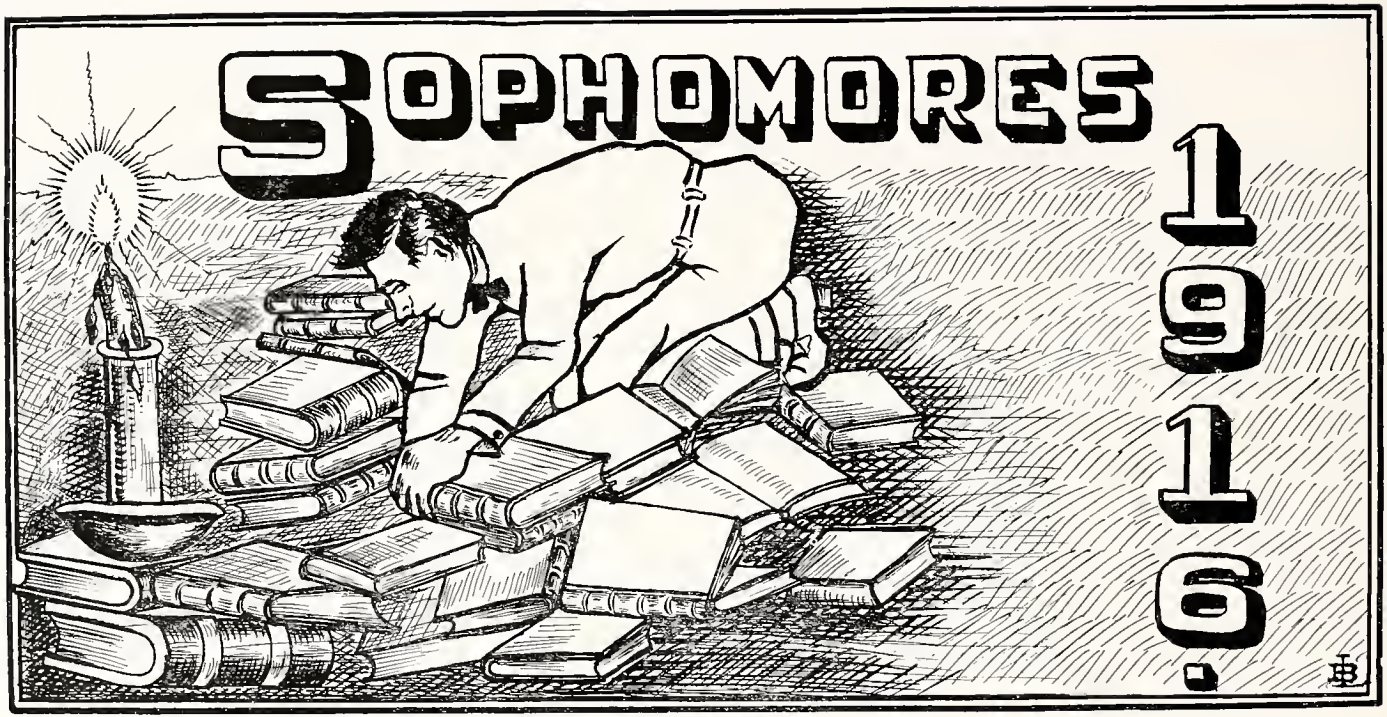


MOTTO: B^2 FLOWER: Daisy COLORS: Gold and White

OFFICERS

G. O. ROBINSON.....President
LOUISE TILFORD.....Vice-President
F. R. WHALIN.....Secretary and Treasurer
J. E. KIDOER.....Editor

19
MARYVILLE
16

Sophomores at Play

Sophomore

In looking back over the events of the past year we find the Class of Nineteen Hundred Sixteen still in the ascendency. The same success that crowned our early endeavors has remained with us and carried us on to victory. Last year we disproved the idea that all Freshmen are green and inexperienced; this year we have shown the world that a Sophomore can make good his boast.

Into every phase of College activity we have entered with energy and enthusiasm. In literary societies and religious organizations we have been active. We have lost none of our former prestige in athletics. Out of our fourteen representatives on the field ten have made Varsity teams.

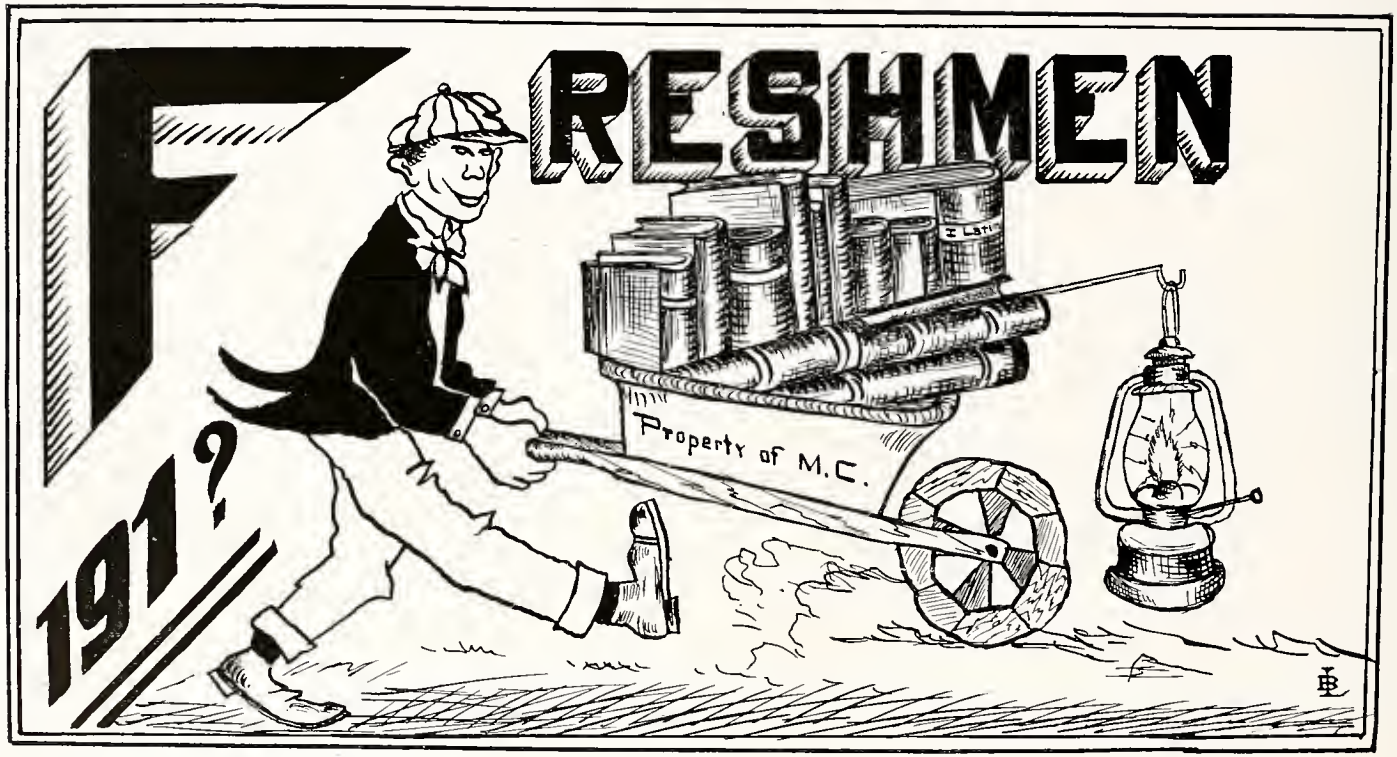
There are other teams also for which there has been much competition but as yet the personnel of these teams has not been definitely settled. Adams, Robinson, Park, and Threlkeld have been the principal candidates. Mr. Carver has long since gone to the big leagues and in the terminology of baseball he seems to have his place "cinched." Were it not for the glowing example he sets so constantly before aspiring youth we might have reasons to believe that the article known as "moonshine" would disappear entirely from College Hill.

Of our class spirit and loyalty we are justly proud, for in all our class affairs there is a unity which is remarkable. We are also proud of the friendly alliance that has always existed between our class and the Class of Nineteen Hundred Fourteen. They have shared our pleasures, sympathized in defeat, and aided us in difficulties; and as they leave their Alma Mater our best wishes go with them, and our assurance that they will ever live in our memories.

YELL

Strychnine, quinine, powder and dust,
Where we are there is fuss,
Skull and cross-bones, we're a fright,
Brain and brawn for Gold and White!

LAUT



MOTTO: "Impossible is un-American" COLORS: Purple and Old Gold FLOWER: Yellow Rose

OFFICERS

H. O. PILE ..... President
ALICE WRIGHT ..... Vice-President
PAT QUINN ..... Secretary
C. J. FRENCH ..... Treasurer
J. C. WALKER ..... Editor

Freshman

We are the largest class in the history of Maryville College. Now somewhere we have read that "H : P : : L : W" (definition of labor). Therefore we are also the most industrious class in the history of old Maryville. But to make quantity and quality interesting there must be variety, and that we have. Western breeziness and scrapping spirit, Northern courage and business ability, Southern smiles and loyalty, have formed us into an unsurpassed amalgam.

The rising sun of college life greets us with a glorious morning. The opportunities and pleasures of our first year have been great. Friendships many and lasting have been formed; new visions of this great world around us have been disclosed; higher ideals have been born within us. For these we are sincerely thankful. Thankful to the home folks, whose love made possible our coming; thankful to the faculty, whose faithful instruction we have enjoyed; thankful to those gone before us, whose toil made possible Old College Hill.

Within us the athletic spirit is strong and deep. Football, baseball, basketball, have the same irresistible attraction they have ever had. There *could* have been as many acts of valor, as many occasions for the hero to play up to as in any past tournaments and contests; but that "could" reminds us of Maud Muller:

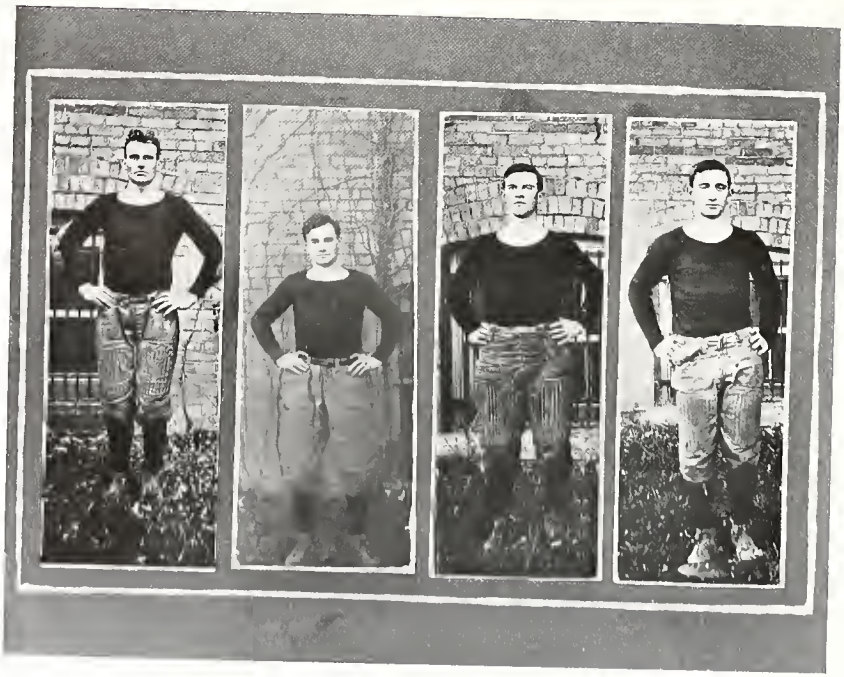
"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.' "

A slight dissension, and the Sophs. were cautious. Our noble spirit was suppressed. But the lid cannot always be forced down. The desire is simmering; next year will surely find it bubbling over.

As to scholarship our class is high. We have more than the usual quota of natural geniuses, born orators, and heavenly warblers. However, our sun is only rising, not as yet having reached meridian. But steadily climbing, with noble efforts we are realizing, that he only conquers who conquers himself. Having started on the journey we look expectantly forward; but the winding of the road and the rugged hills obstruct the vision. Anticipation and not realization paints the picture of the cap and gown day of '17.

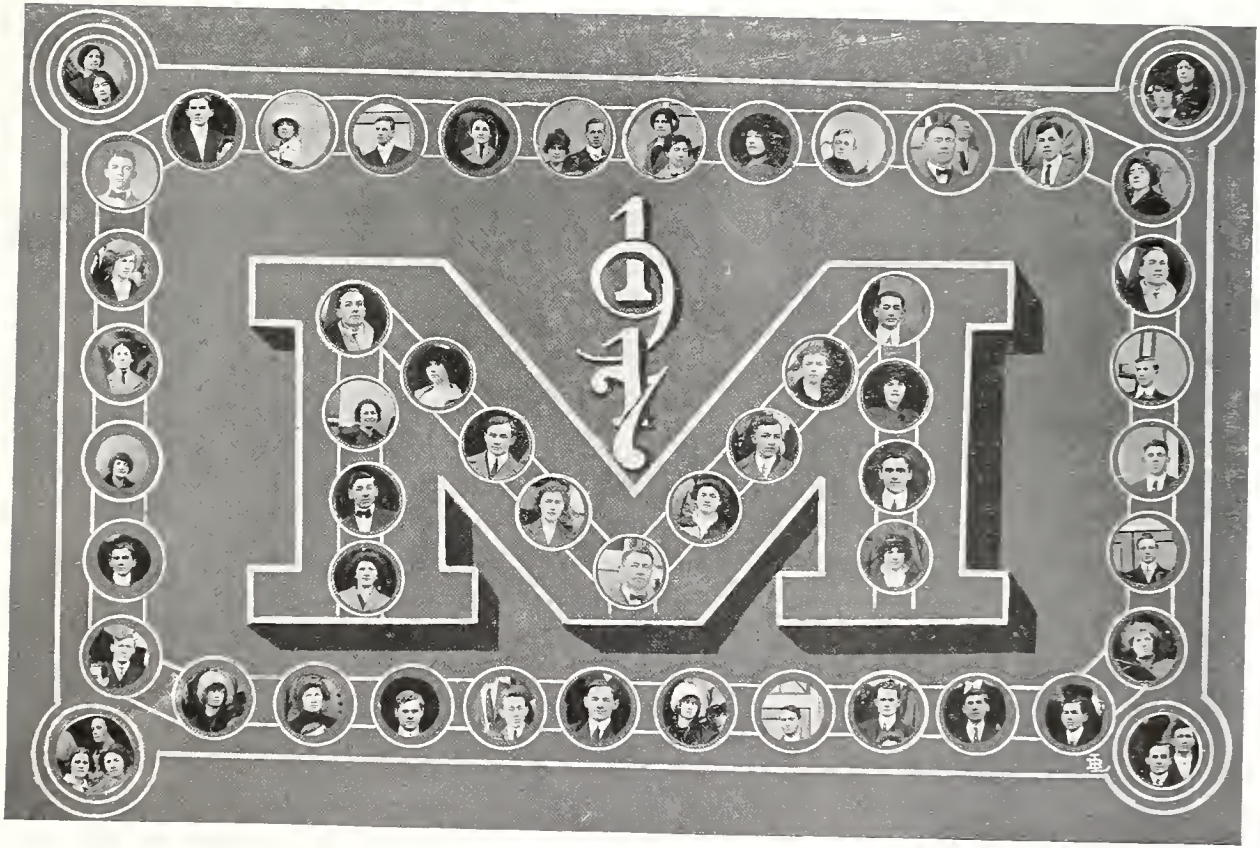
YELL

Gold and Purple; Purple and Gold;
Freshmen, Freshmen; all's been told.
Are we in it? I should smile;
We've been in it all the while;
Well! Well!! Well!!!



Our Little Freshman

There was a little Freshie, who had to climb a hill;
They called it "Hill of Knowledge" and he started with a will.
His eye was blithe and merry, his head he carried high.
"Pshaw! such a little hillock, what's it to you and I?"
So forth he fared upon it, but Oh! Alack! Alack!
For he forgot to lighten the load upon his back.
Indeed he loved his burden and had no mind to ship it,
The heavier it bore him down, the harder did he grip it.
The Spiteful Sophie guyed, "Fling out some ballast there,
Of fear of girls, and big conceit you've plenty and to spare."
The jolly Junior reached a hand to help him on a bit,
The Senior once wise deigned a glance and almost had a fit.
And when he slowly came around and saw "where he was at"
He dropped his load upon the ground before you could say scat.
Then up the hill the Freshie went, and went up with a will,
And till he gains the topmost point you'll see him going still.
That loathesome pack upon the ground—I'll tell you what was in it;
Conceit so big it weighed a ton, and gaining every minute;
And mackinaws and "classy" clothes and pompadours in plenty,
And varied ties, I counted them, and found an even twenty.
And idle boasts and other things, but Oh! let's leave them lying;
Our Freshie has them underfoot; he's great, there's no denying;
And now at length in closing it might be well to state,
That though the Freshman has his faults in some things he's just great,
For Freshie had a football team; there's none that will debate it;
Or if there be, come out and see, we'll gladly demonstrate it.
The game was scheduled, Freshie was eager for the strife,
The faculty objected, and saved poor Sophie's life;
And surely you'll agree with me as closing I recite
"What's the matter with the Freshman? The Freshman, he's all right."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Zoology — Branch - Chordata

Class - Sophomore — Genus - Homo(?)

I. Habitat

This species is quite numerous in various parts of the United States, being usually found in places where its presence is least desired. In summer they are widely scattered over the country selling books, harps and other obnoxious articles; but congregate in winter in large numbers around the radiators of College halls presumably to keep them warm.

II External Features

1 Skin. It is characteristically rough around the neck especially. A broad yellow stripe on the dorsal surface of the body throughout its length is a feature by which they may always be distinguished. The balance of the body assumes various colors according to the season, and habits, moods, and pocket book of the wearer.

2 Sense Organs. The eyes, sometimes found blackened, are set on movable projecting stalks, a feature of considerable use to them when seats are expensive and knot-holes abundant at the summer big league games.

The tongue has a well developed sense of taste but has the added function of speech, at which it is capable of considerable expansion.

3 Appendages. The front appendages are admirably adapted for their chief occupation of obtaining food. The feet however, are so ungainly and large that their antics on the football field are an amusing spectacle.

III. Internal Structure

1 Nervous System. The brain is irregular, in that the olfactory and optic lobes are considerably larger than the cerebrum, which is of a pale grey color. Nevertheless their nerves are highly developed, which is especially noticeable when they are in the presence of ladies.

2 Skeletal System. The skull is externally thick and hard, useful for armor plate. Between each vertebra is a layer of cartilage which makes the back bone pliable and soft.

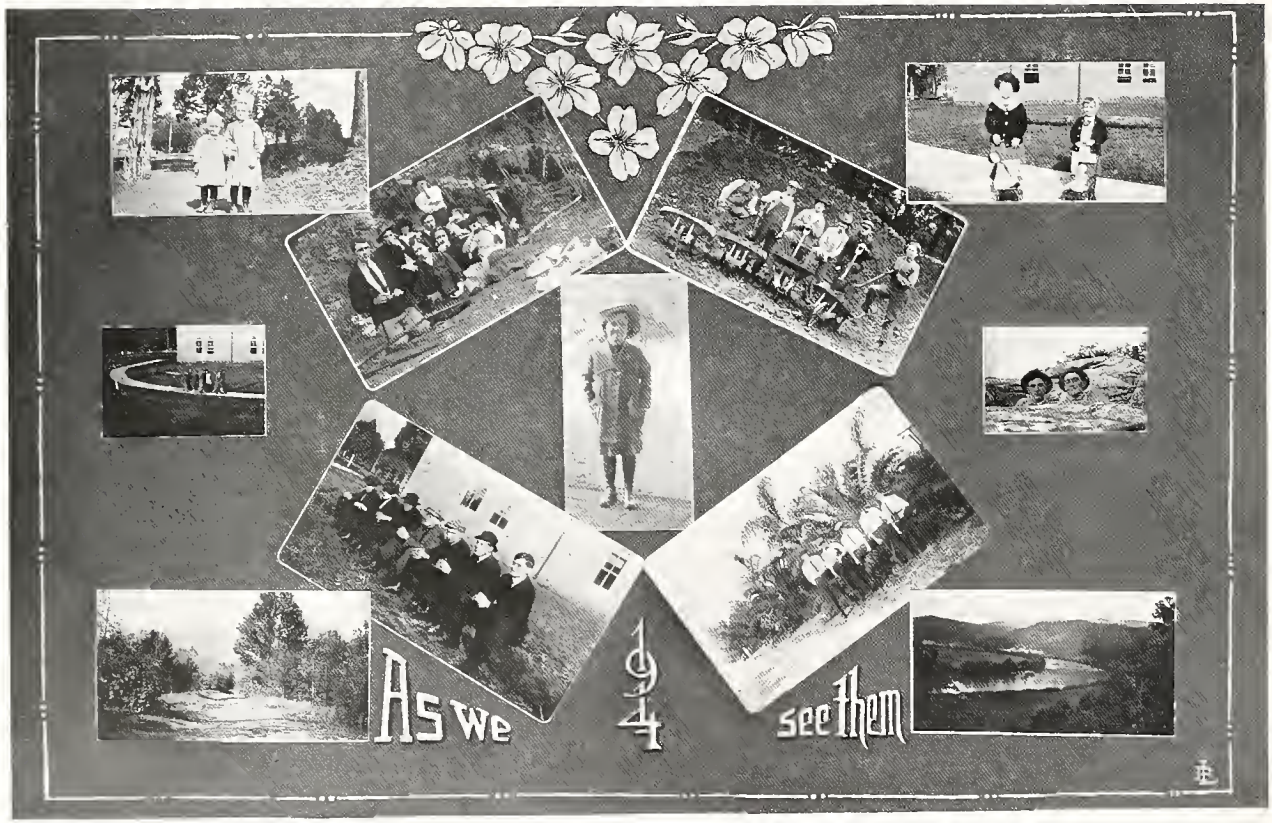
3 Circulatory System. The heart beat is weak, but is very responsive to stimulation, (noticeable when reciting Baldwin's ale). The blood is watery and pale.

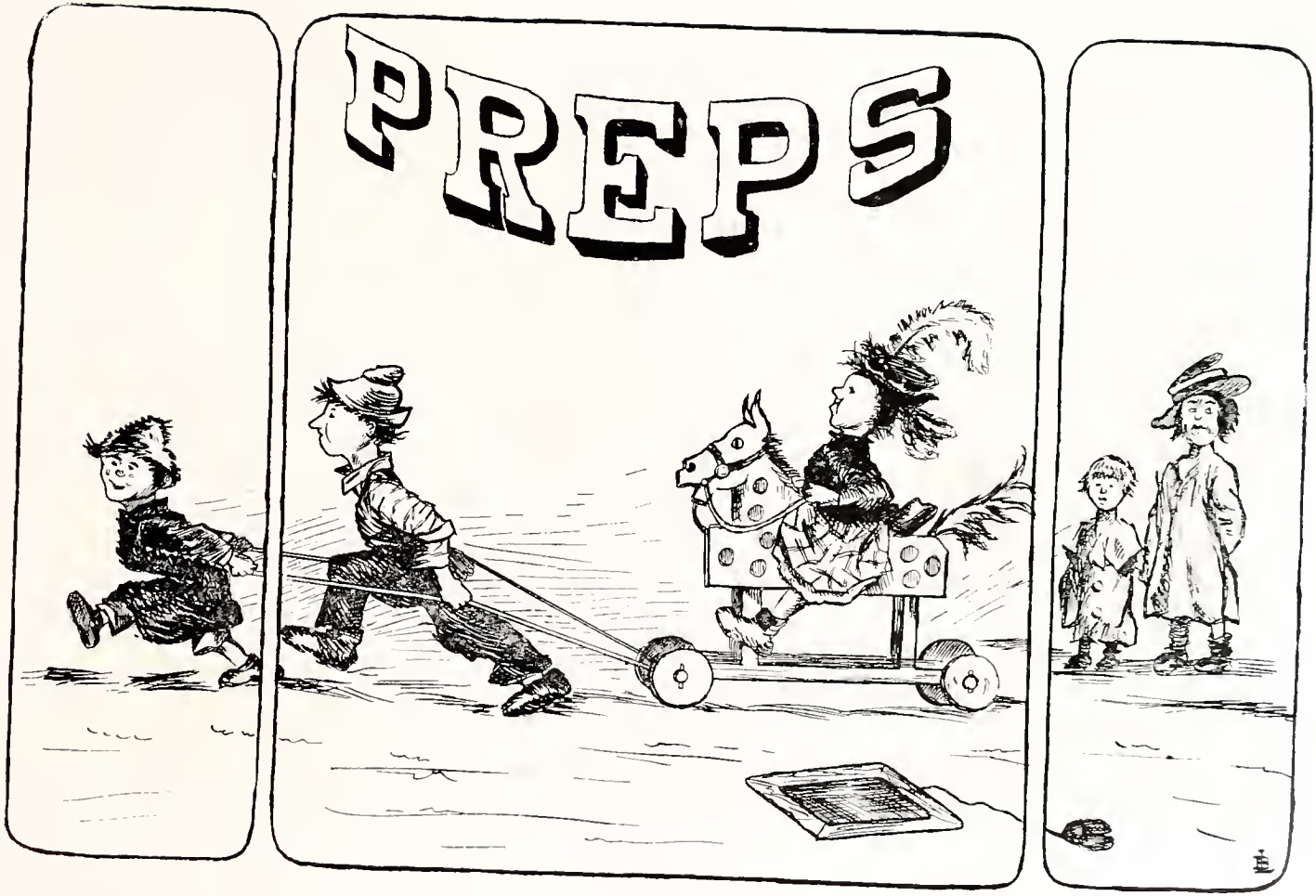
IV. Habits.

Though they have a great propensity to scrap among themselves, they have never been known to show fight toward an outsider, depending for safety from Profs and Frosh upon either cunning or flight.

V. Economic Importance. They are occasionally caught and sold as plaything for freshmen but otherwise are of no commercial value.

"SNOW BOUND"
MARYVILLE


As we
1934
see them


PREPS

M

Fourth Preparatory

MOTTO: Wahrheit, Kenntnis, Ehre COLORS: Blue and Gold

CLASS OFFICERS

President.....BESSIE COTTON
Vice-President.....HORACE DAWSON
Treasurer.....MARY MILES

This year the Fourth Prep. Class completes the final lap of Prepdom. To enumerate in detail the achievements of its history would require too much time and space, therefore we give but an index of them.

In athletics the members of our class have shown remarkable ability. Varsity football "M's" grace the forms of some, while the basketball Captain and Center deem it also their good fortune to belong to the Fourth Year Class. Baseball depends somewhat upon us for its pitching staff and infield.

Not only has our influence been felt in athletics, but also in the classroom. Very few of the original class have been forced to leave the class on account of failure in studies. For, through application to our work, which was of itself remarkable, we have so gained in preponderance of gray matter that our college career is bound to be crowned with success.

Quietly and without ostentation the infant class of 1918 has maintained its steady progress up the stepping stones of Prepdom until we, today, united under the blue and gold of the Senior Class rejoice in the prosperous termination of preparatory days. To those who will desire to emulate our deeds we give as the secret of our success, constancy of purpose.

Third Preparatory

COLORS: Purple and Gold

FLOWER: Violet

MOTTO

Make no enemies, but have many friends.
Borrow all you can, but make no lends.

YELL

Third Prep., Third Prep. of old M. C.!
Nineteen-nineteen we're glad to be!
See us, watch us, ever fly!
Our lowest ideal is in the sky!

OFFICERS

GLEN A. LLOYD ..... President
SARA KITTRELL ..... Vice-President
EDGAR BIRDSALL ..... Secretary and Treasurer

Second Preparatory

FLOWER: Sweet Pea

COLORS: Garnet and Gray

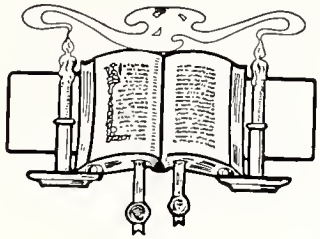
MOTTO: No Surrender

OFFICERS

ARTHUR G. HAMILTON.....President
CLYDE C. HICKMAN.....Vice-President
ELLIE J. GARRISON.....Secretary and Treasurer
REA JUDSON BUTLER.....Captain and Manager Basketball Team

YELL

Hip—Hip—Hooray!
Second Prep Hooray!
On thru Prepdom!
The Garnet and Gray!



First Preparatory

COLORS: Gold and White

FLOWER: Daisy

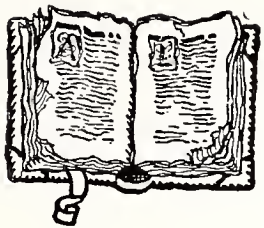
MOTTO: Impossible is not in our dictionary

OFFICERS

EULA JACKSON ..... President
FRED KING ..... Vice-President
CORA BURNS ..... Secretary and Treasurer
J. M. BRIDGES ..... Recording Secretary and Business Manager

YELL

Boom-tra-la! Boom-tra-la!
V—I—C—T—O—R—Y!
Are we in it? Yes, I guess!
First Preps! First Preps!
Yes, yes, yes!



"America, the Hospitable Nation"

As one repeats the names of the various nations and countries, almost instantly some symbolic mental or moral trait of each presents itself. Sodom and Gomorrah were once towns of some commercial importance. We do not think of them, however, as trade centers, but rather as sins. Babylon is the name for proud worldliness, and it will probably remain such although clay tablets have been discovered which show that its citizens practiced domestic economy and collected their debts by due process of law.

Coming to the twentieth century, we have Russia, the land of the down-trodden peasant, the symbol of cruelty. Germany, with its vast armies and navies is a nation of war. China with its teeming millions, until a few years ago, presented a sad picture of stagnation. A scum of ignorance and superstition seemed to have encased the whole country which shut out the light of progress and harbored the poison of decay.

Upon the mention of the United States, however, a peculiar difficulty presents itself. At first thought there seems to be no marked characteristic standing out boldly. We are a nation continental in breadth and fabulously rich.

We are proud of our waving grain fields and our unsearchable resources, but shall we attribute to these our greatness? It is no mere accident that America was withheld from the eye of civilization. Until a few centuries ago it was a virgin nation, untouched by the evil imaginations of the ancient world. In bringing it within the reach of civilization there seems to be some overmastering purpose.

In this land of boundless prairies and wheat fields, in this land of refuge for the oppressed, in this land of peace and tranquillity, in this land of the forward-looking man, it seems to me that there was destined to be developed a society, and a government based upon the brotherhood of man. In fact we like to think of America as the Hospitable Nation.

This is the land of the Pilgrim's pride. Here our fathers came poor and heartsick. They did not find broad fields ready for the harvest, nor comfortably awaiting occupancy, but America gave to them freedom, her rarest gift. She placed over them no powerful potentate who should dictate to them when to worship, how to live, and what tribute to lay at his feet.

The Frenchman heard of this wonderful land, and came to see it. So warm was his welcome, and kind his treatment that soon the home-land was forgotten. The German heard, and curious to see, he too came, only to yield to the charming influence of our hospitality, and soon Germany was forgotten. The Russian, the Jew, the Italian, and the Greek all in their turn learned of America. The temptation was too strong and they came each meekly submitting to the charm. The news spread to all the world. The little section of rocks and rills and templed hills could no longer hold the swelling throng. The boundless prairies, the Rockies and the Pacific slope, each in succession was turned over to the newcomers. Men of every race, clime and rank, all sharing the bounty of America's hospitality.

"Open thy gates," says the poet, "O thou Favored of Heaven,
Open thy gates to the homeless and poor,
So shalt thou garner the gifts of the ages,
From the Northlands their vigor, the Southland their grace,
In a mystical blending of souls, that presages
The birth of earth's rarest, undreamable race."

The Celt and Latin, Slav and Teuton, Greek and Syrian, black and yellow. Yes, East and West, and North and South, the palm and the pine, the pole and the equator, the crescent and the cross, all mingle in the happy consciousness of their freedom.

This hospitable spirit has permeated root and branch of the whole nation. The laborer dwelling in happiness and contentment receives a living wage for his toil. The merchant and manufacturer pursue their business without a thought of interruption by the ravages of war. Men of science and wealth are accomplishing gigantic results, which are adding not merely to the necessities, but to the comforts and luxuries of life. They are taking possession of earth, air, and water, and forces contained in them and making them minister to human life.

The dry and arid lands of the West no longer lie desolate and barren, but smile with rich harvests under the magic of the engineer's hand. The denuded mountain sides are being clothed again with the green verdure of the forests. The pillagers of our resources have been arrested in the midst of their spoils. The ravages of plague and disease are being stayed by the surgeon's skill. To childhood is being restored its birthright. Education is dispelling the gloom of ignorance, and giving to us a keen eye for our faults. Though it is a disgrace to us that we still tolerate bad conditions in our land, yet we do not recognize anything as hopeless. We have here a healing spirit of self-criticism and self-condemnation, whose ideal is to make things better.

It would be a long story to enumerate the category of achievements which is America's pride. It will suffice now to lay the credit

to the spirit of hospitality, which has permitted these things to come to pass, which has prompted the wealthy men of our nation to pour out their vast riches for the uplift of humanity, and the poor man to add his mite of sympathy.

America's hospitality has gone a step farther. Upon our shores may be heard, with ever increasing clearness, the echo of that song sung twenty centuries ago, by the white robed choir to the shepherds on the Judean hillsides. "Peace on earth, good will among men." The blare of the bugler's trumpet and the crash of shot and shell have overwhelmed the angel song for a time, but now the heavenly music is filling the hearts of men anew.

High on the Andes, on the boundary line of Argentina and Chili, nearly three miles above the level of the sea, is a colossal statue of Christ, an everlasting tribute to America's efforts for world-wide peace. May the day soon come, when a similar statue shall be raised on the boundary line of every nation as an enduring witness to perpetual peace. And may the Divine Hand forbid that our folly shall transfer the leadership in universal peace from the United States of America to any other nation on the face of the globe.

We abhor war. Sherman said "War is hell." The Civil War has taught us a lesson never to be forgotten. After fifty long years the scars of hatred are plainly visible. Will they ever heal? We pray unceasingly at the Throne of Grace to be delivered from the carnage of war. O the sorrow, the long sleepless nights, the hearts rung with grief, the helpless widows, the fatherless children. Who dares to champion the cause of war?

The French, in days gone by, settled their disputes by a duel between the two contending parties, but that has been condemned as a relic of barbarism. Why is it any more fitting and proper then, that large bodies of men should settle their disputes by a life and death conflict, even more barbarous in nature?

In the early centuries might made right. The weak lived in dread of the powerful. Unrest and discontent filled the hearts of all. No one wishes for those days. We are content to yield our disputes to a jury and abide by its decision. Whether there be two in the suit, or a dozen, or a hundred the verdict is left in the hands of the jurors. What reason is there then, when that number is increased to millions, for scorning the decision of an impartial body sitting in judgment and bowing down to the wise and judicious decision of shot and shell?

War is the law of the ignorant. It is the disgrace of civilized nations and the blight of Christianity. America, however, has caught a vision of something higher. Upon its troubled mind came the thought that there must be some better method of settling disputes. Upon its heart came the spirit of the angel song, and now the breezes

are wafting those notes of peace to the ends of the earth from the shores of America.

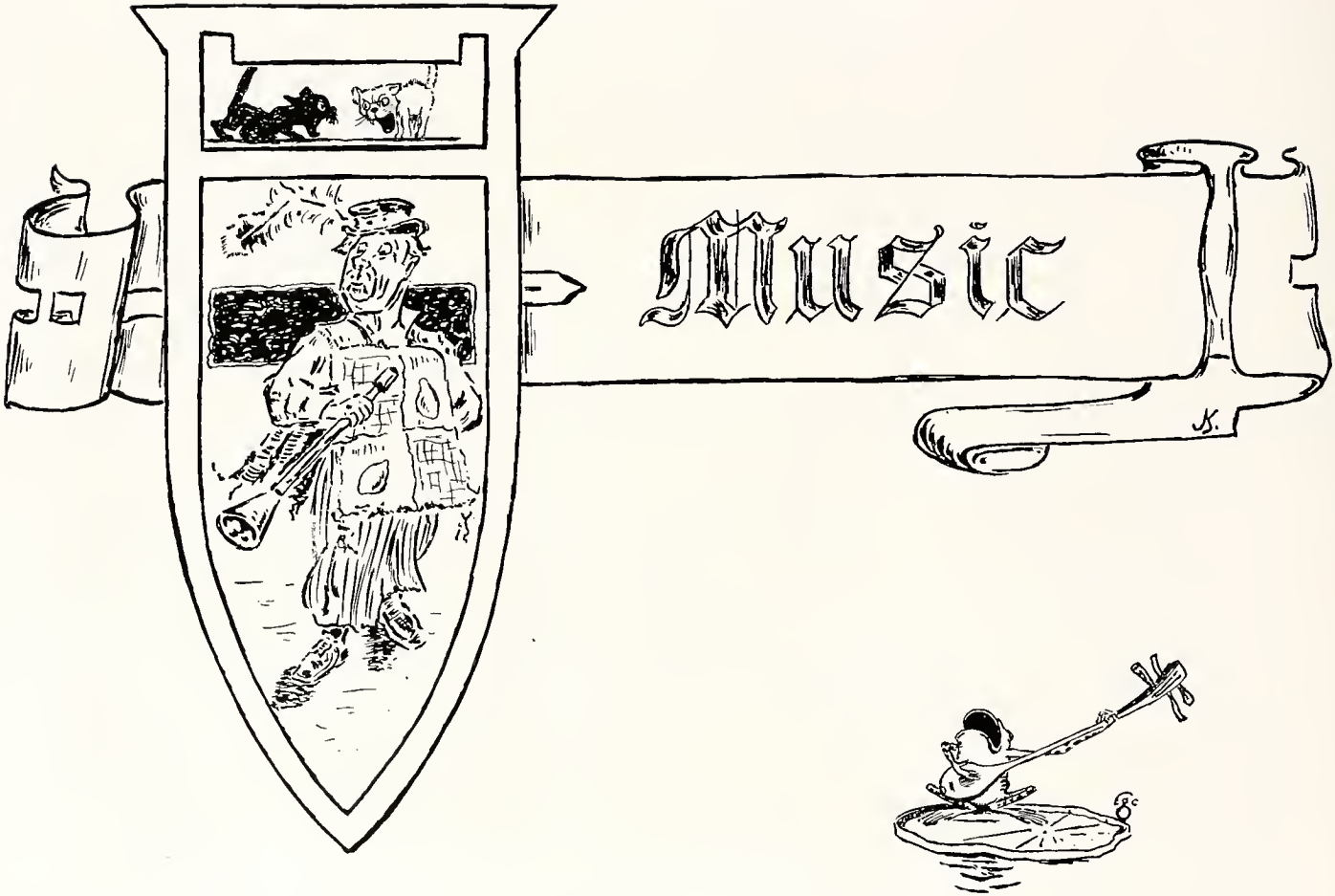
Longfellow has said:

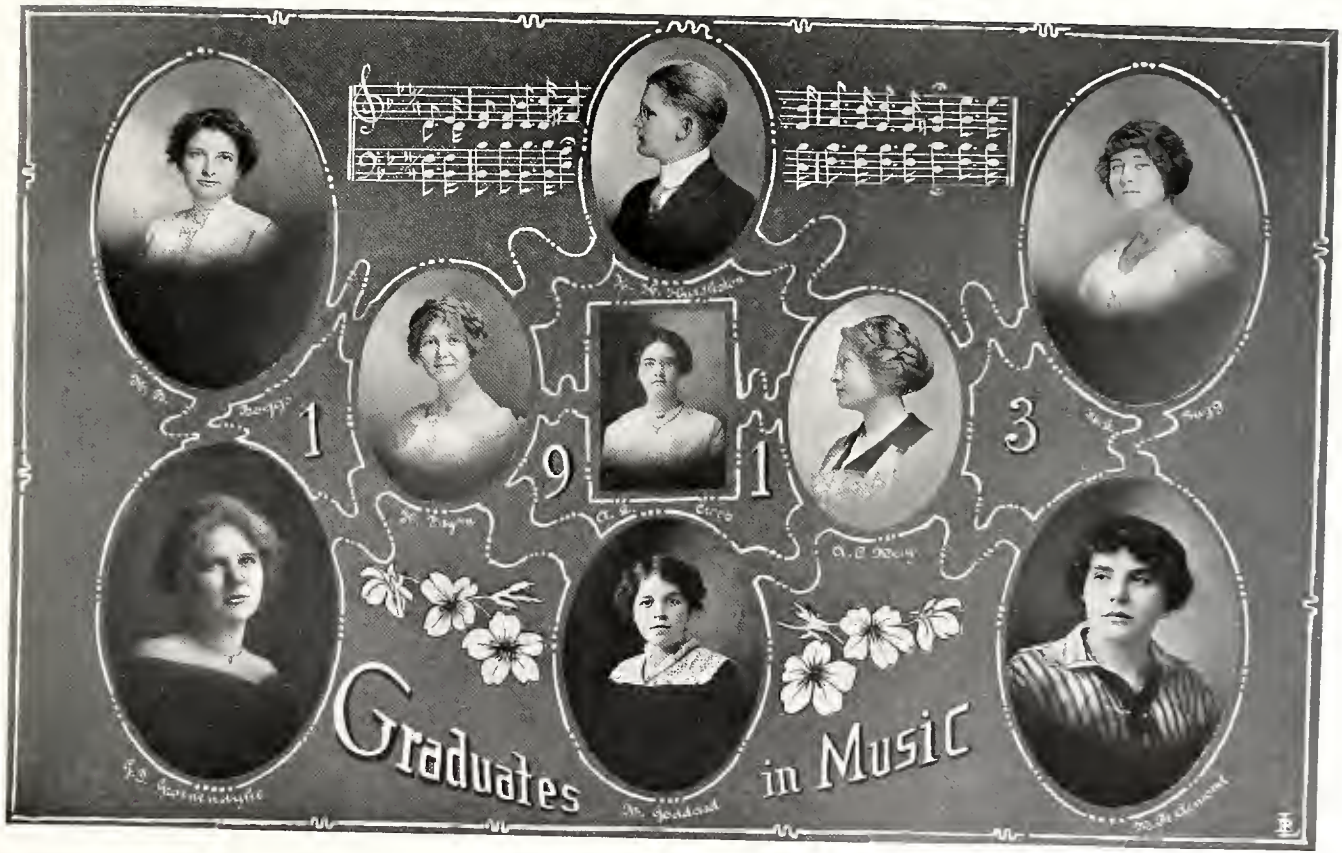
"Were half the war that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There would be no need for arsenals and forts.
The warrior's name would be a name abhorred,
And every nation, that should lift its hand
Against a brother, upon its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain."

Ever since Cain killed Abel, this world has been one ceaseless turmoil of strife and conflict. Brother against brother, and father against son, hold before us a pitiable picture. The pilgrim fled from England in the hope that he might find peace. The Jew, the man without a country, sought America as a haven of refuge. The uttermost parts of the earth came weary and footsore asking for rest. And now the cup, full to overflowing, is spreading its healing balm on the troubled nations of the earth.

Yes, the story goes on with increasing wonder. America is the land of refuge, the land of freedom and opportunity. It is the land that is restoring to childhood its birthright, that is giving to men the light of education, that is correcting the errors of centuries, that is uniting the world in the bonds of brotherhood and peace.

O Spirit of Hospitality, thou that hast looked upon us so kindly and raised us above the nations of the earth, burn in our hearts the secret of thy charm that it may never be forgotten.


Music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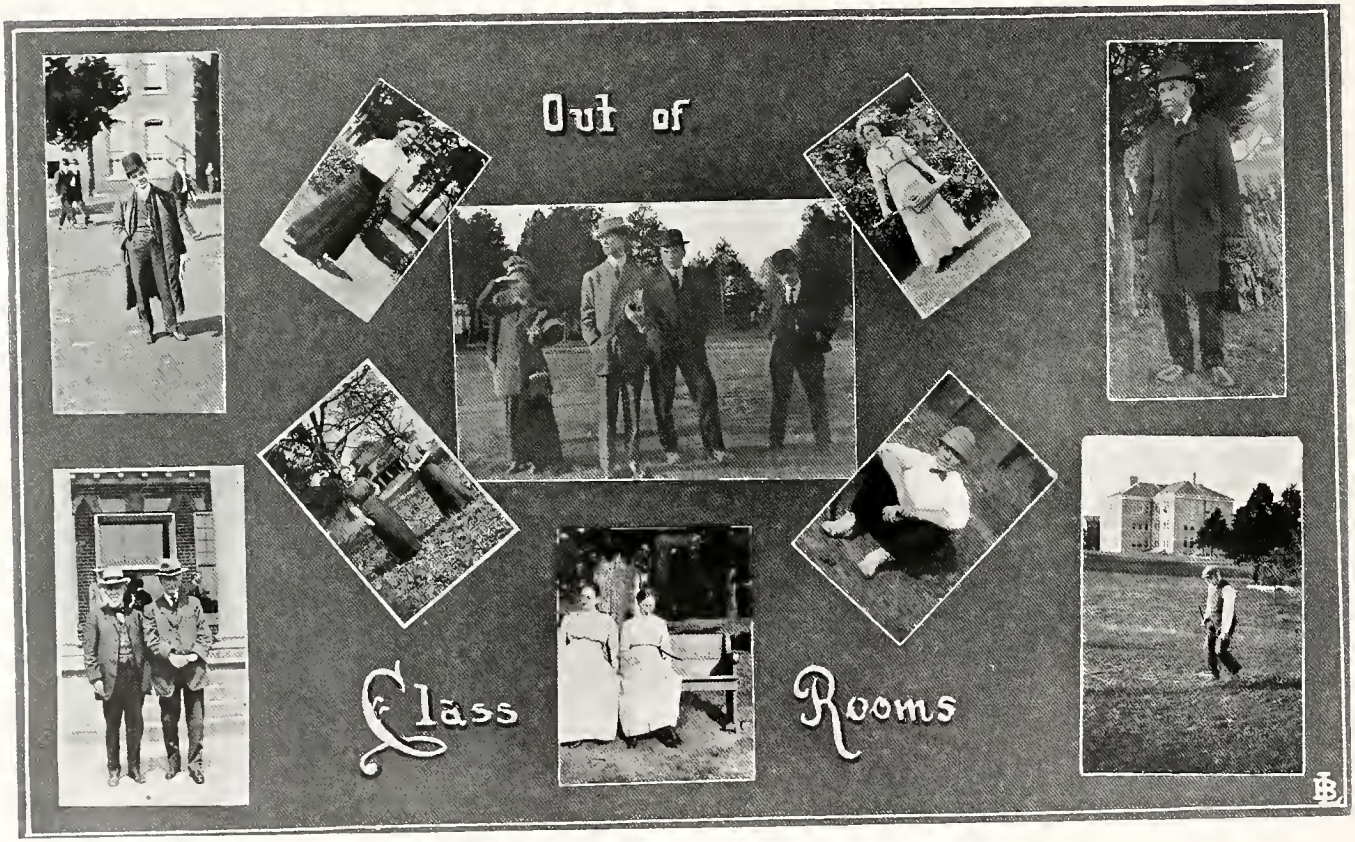
Graduates in Music


Out of
Class Rooms

Cook
Book
DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Home Economics Department

Next June when the old friends and students return to College Hill, they will be eager to see the much-talked-of, long-looked-for third floor of Science Hall, where is located the new Home Economics Department. Erected thru the gift of a friend the beautifully finished addition stands as the Mary Esther Memorial. In fine, big, well-ventilated rooms they will find the new department organized and equipped. The attractive lecture hall is amply supplied with chairs and board space. This room opens into the sewing room, furnished with tiers of lockers, long tables and several sewing machines.

Next is the big kitchen, equipped with the appliances of a modern domestic science laboratory. The marble topped desk-tables and individual oil stoves extend in two rows down the room. The two ranges are used in group work, and the four sinks are conveniently located. Spacious cupboards line one wall. Double swinging doors lead into the pretty dining-room, furnished in fumed oak. In the reading room, the reference library contains text-books, magazines and government bulletins. And as they come away, our friends will join with us in our praise of the Home Economics Department of Maryville College.

LITERARY

SOCIETIES.

Bainonian

As always, Bainonian stands for faithful work. Last year's Senior Class robbed Bainonian of some of her most faithful workers. Of the fifteen Senior girls thirteen were Bainonians. Early in the fall the society received new strength in the enrollment of forty-four new members. These girls have entered heartily into the work and have helped the old girls "make the society go." The number enrolled is one hundred two. It is just a band of girls, each working for the pleasure, uplift and growth of the whole.

After welcoming the new girls and receiving a number of them into her ranks, Bainonian demanded that her girls give an account of their holiday months at a "Vacation Evening." Soon after this she gave each college class an evening in which to present the talents of its members. After a month of such programs, programs crammed with thought and cleverness, it was time for a change. It was then that Bainonian beckoned to the Preps. and made them do their best to relieve the strain. After the Preps. had enthusiastically rendered their programs, classes forgot the rivalry of former evenings and Prep. and College girls alike joined in lending interest to the programs. One evening was given over to Autumn; some evenings have been devoted to music; and others have been devoted to the life and work of great men. Realizing that looking at a question from merely one viewpoint tends to make the girls narrow, Bainonian has presented several questions in debate during the past months. Another feature of the programs which has been of interest has been the "Bainonian Weekly" appearing from time to time.

Interesting as the above mentioned programs have been, perhaps the evening longest to be remembered by those who took part, was the evening when all things were extemporaneous. The last meeting before the girls left for their Christmas vacation was a most interesting one. A short program was rendered during which time we tried to count the presents on the tree to see if there were enough to go around. While we were doing this we were trying hard to remember whether or not we had been good, and were on the lookout for Santa's appearance. When he appeared our doubts vanished, and we were soon very much alive with joy and mirth over our gifts. Some got fruit; others got toys; but all got much pleasure, and enough happiness to "tune up" good for the home going. Since Christmas the society is again active and alert.

As year by year girls leave Bainonian Hall and others take their places we are sure that wit and thought, fun and knowledge, recreation and inspiration will still be found there. To such a society life Bainonian calls worthy girls, girls who are unwavering and true.

THETA EPSILON

A Legend of Attainment

Within the borders of an unfamiliar land many strange things happen, which little Tigela had never thought could come to pass. One night as she came in from the field while the crescent moon hung low in the heavens, she was too weary to see the glory of the clear starlight upon her valley among the southern mountains, and she only wondered dimly over the absence of her father. She knew he must have gone into the city world, of whose wonders she at times heard her people talk in mysterious tones, for she had never been beyond the rude boundary line between their valley and the road leading to the outside world far away over the mountains. As she prepared the simple evening meal, she thought about her father's unwonted absence, but she waited in vain for his return and ate her share of the supper in silence. She did not sing as she cleared away the things but stood awhile in the doorway, for there was no song in her heart, no joy of the expectation and achievement of a young life, for her horizon was enclosed by the line of dark blue mountains. The young moon had gone and only the stars shone back into the dark eyes turned searchingly to the skies.

Tigela was tired from the hard day's work in the corn-field, and she sought the hard bed in the little loft of the rude cabin and fell asleep. But it was not a dreamless sleep, for tonight she has a strange vision. The young moon seemed to rise again and in its clear radiance, the teacher from the settlement below, entered the doorway. She had been there before and Tigela had worked hard to master the mysteries of reading and writing and had eagerly sought the knowledge of books. Now the teacher smiled, and beckoned to her with something which glittered in the light. Then she spoke: "Tigela, thou art lonely, and there are none to look after thy welfare. Thou hast been ever faithful and patient, and careful to neglect no task. Thy troubles now are over. Take this key which has glowed for ages under ancient stars,—it is the key of knowledge, find thou the lock which it fits. Waste not thy young life in the lonesome valley, start upon thy search. The lock for thee to unfasten lies in the world of thought and action. Only the patient and understanding heart can enter the door, but the light will guide thee safely to happiness." The vision vanished and Tigela awoke thinking of the key.

The dream seemed so real she could think of little else that morning, and it did not seem strange that as she started for the corn-field she met a neighbor. "Come, child," he said, "thy father sends a message to you. Thou canst have thy desire and be now among the host of young souls who are seeking after knowledge. Over yonder mountain and the plain wilt thou find the lock." He gave her a stout bag and a key, and watched her out of sight as she set her face toward the sunrise on the road.

It was a lonely way, but the morning brightness made it a glad one and Tigela thought not of the rocks or the hot sand. At length she came into a narrow pass. How dark it looked and she almost wanted to turn back. But the thought of what was before her, made her heart brave as she walked on through the place made gloomy and dark by the trees. The pass became narrower and steeper, and at the top a large wooden door barred her way. At her effort the door swung

open and Tigela walked through the gap and found herself gazing out upon a flat country. There lay a town astir with the day's work. The people were going hither and thither with their carts, working in the fields, happy and singing.

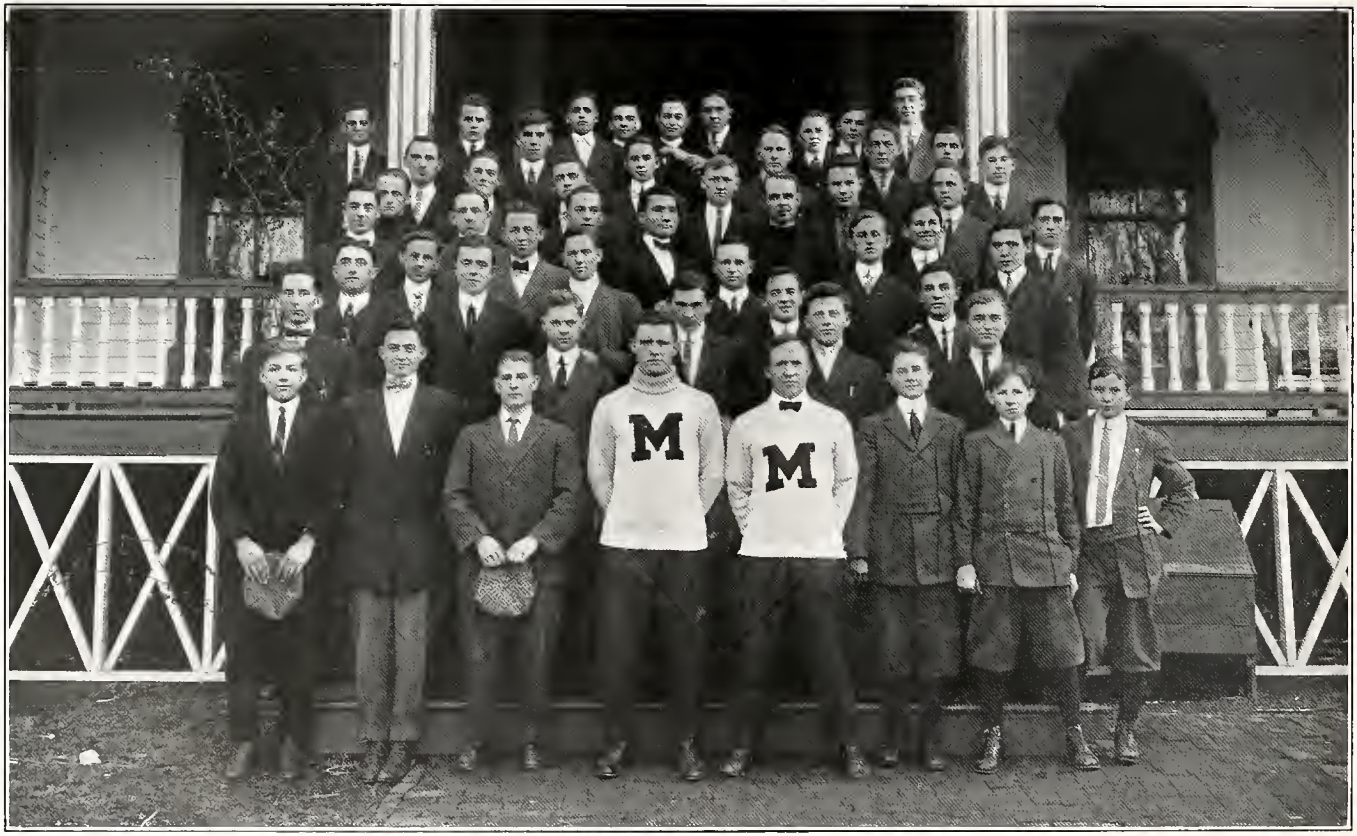
Tigela was now no longer alone as she trod the broad, white road, for many young joyous-hearted youths and maidens and wise counselors were walking the same way. Often they extended a helping hand to one another when there was need, and they found sweet fellowship together. Weary as she sometimes was, Tigela could not but burst into song. "Out of the lonely valley, through the narrow pass have I come," she sang; "the door has swung wide, the road is bright, and tho the way be long, the light shall guide to wisdom and happiness."

So they journeyed onward. When the sun was high they sought the cool and rest of the great trees which grew by the roadside. But the way was pleasant and their hearts were strong and ever courageous. Every day they toiled and as they overcame each hindrance they saw the light ahead and the march was upward. The fields grew more and more lovely as they travelled farther and farther. Birds sang, flowers became sweeter, and the tall grass nodded in the sunlight, swaying in the gentle breeze. The familiar mountains had long ago faded from Tigela's sight and she walked in a new way. The unexplored places were fairer, and at last the joy and achievement of youth surrounded her, and thankfully she lifted her face to the sky, as she pressed onward.

The road led to a beautiful city which they had seen from afar as a mirage. Still there remained many turns in the road, here it was narrow, there wide, sometimes smooth, again rough, but they lingered longingly among the fields of blue lilies and hesitated as they crossed the murmuring streams, for the company knew the end of the road was near and each must take a new path. They were now nearer the city and the sight of the minarets and white towers gleaming against the blue heavens made their hearts beat fast and the glory of the goal quickened their steps. But as they drew close, the city battlements confronted them, high and impassable, and their spirits would have fainted at the sight, but the wise counselors cheered them, for they had guided young feet that way before, and they knew the entrance to the City Beautiful. In the city walls were iron gates. Tigela's courage was high for she had gone over the road untraversed by her people, and when she came to the gates, lo, her key fitted the lock of one, and every other one of the company had a key also, and so they separated and each entered the gate they could unlock and were soon lost from view in the busy crowded world within.

A great peace stole into Tigela's heart and she sang "Out of the lonely valley, through the narrow pass have I come, the door has swung wide, the road was bright, tho the way was long, the gate of iron has unlocked before me, toil is victory, the light is guiding, and wisdom and happiness have I found the guerdon."

THETA.


M
M

Athenian Midwinter Participants

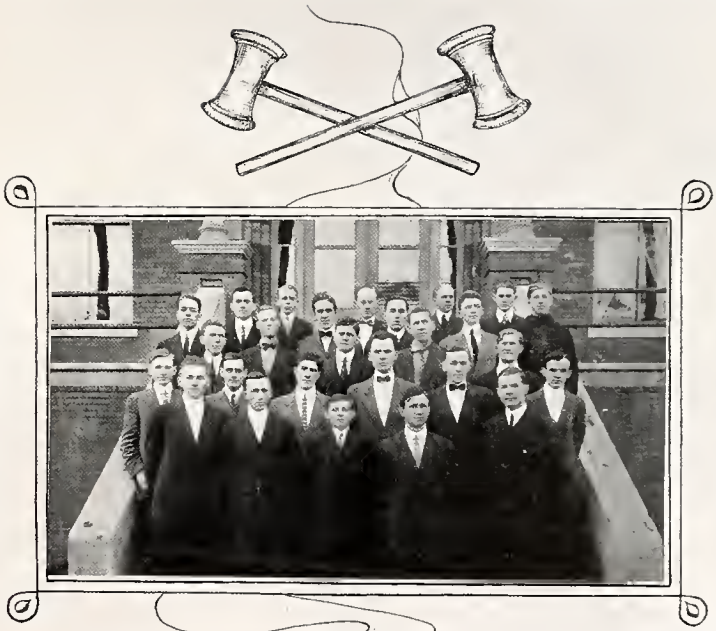
The Athenian Literary Society is the oldest student organization on College Hill. In the fall term of 1886 a band of aspiring young men met and resolved to pursue literary attainments under the name of "Athenian." From then until this day to be an Athenian has been esteemed an honor.

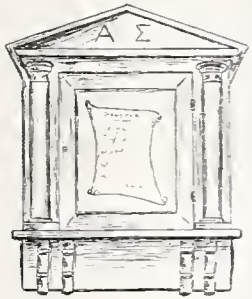
Those boys of the sixties set their standard high, and it has ever been upheld. No college can boast of a Literary Society from whose doors have gone more men to reach heights of fame in their chosen work. The old Athenian numbers among her sons college presidents, educators, theologians, statesmen, missionaries, professional men in every walk of life who are filling places of honor and trust in the world.

Former Athenians will learn with pleasure of the recent refurnishing of our hall. A new speaker's stand, officers' desks, and upholstered chairs for the members, all in the popular mission style, have been installed. A Brussels carpet has been laid, and a handsome electric chandelier makes brilliant the assembly hall. We now boast of a hall surpassed by none.

We are proud we're Athenians, and we're proud of the society's record, and justly so, for one more worthy of emulation cannot be found. May the Athenians of the future attain even greater success than have those of the past.

Alpha Sigma





ALPHA SIGMA MID- WINTER PARTICIPANTS

Alpha Sigma

"A rose is a rose no matter where it grows."

In this, the thirtieth year since the founding of our Society, we can have but one regret—that the nature of a college literary society makes it impracticable for all who claim membership to assemble in person for a celebration fitting to this occasion. But if it were possible for us to come together at this beloved shrine of learning, we could find in the College no building large enough to hold all of us. It is not unfitting then, that the Society's message should be conveyed to you, not by voice but by the medium of the Chilhowean—the recognized organ of Maryville College.

Thirty years ago the Alpha Sigma Literary Society was an ideal existing only in the mind of a few far seeing students; today it is the practical realization of that ideal but greater, grander, and better than its nine founders ever dared to hope it could be; for since the Society was founded there has begun an era of great ideas, to keep pace with the spirit of which has ever been the aim of our organization. It has seen the establishment of wireless communication, the practical perfection of aerial navigation, the building of the Panama Canal, the unification of the world's business interests, the conquest of diseases long thought incurable, the discovery of the extreme ends of the earth, and our society has helped in these great world movements by giving its members practical training, that has enabled them to march in the forefront of progress. And in giving thus of its best to those who have sought a means of perfecting their education by becoming members, the Society has suffered no loss of power, but has grown in size and influence with them.

Forward, Alpha Sigma! Our loyalty to this slogan is attested by the vigorous condition of both senior and junior sections, whose membership includes many of the most progressive students on the Hill. Athletes, orators, debaters, and musicians, vocal and instrumental, constitute a combination of the best all-round society members that can be produced who climb, hand in hand, "the mount of knowledge, steep and high."

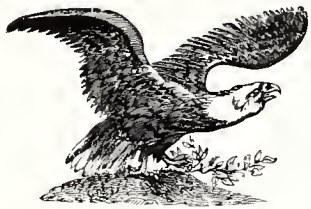
It may be true that the orations of some of our members, newer members, are not the distilled essence of wisdom which comes with experience and maturity, but, from an impartial observation of our Society at work, it is evident that the majority of its members are overcoming the inabilities of youth, and are learning to speak logically, distinctly, and to the point. We long ago discovered that the secret of success is work. We are a Society of originators, creators, producers, and every man has a message—something to say out of the depths of his growing experience, which will help his fellow-workers to see the way. We have set ourselves a noble goal, and, having in mind our motto—"Sapientiam et Stabilitatem acquiramus eundo"—we go forward ever taking new pilgrims on the way. We teach that progress comes through taking all the value from past and present in order that it all may be put into a glorious future.

Originally the Society was not very comfortably lodged. Today our hall is not only comfortable, but it is graced with rare gifts from

members, who have a warm place in their hearts for the good old Society, that gave them an opportunity for development. Among the gifts, which so eloquently express what we are pleased to call the "Alpha Sigma Spirit of Loyalty," are an acacia gavel sent from Jerusalem by a noble son; and a solid ivory gavel and an ebony bulletin board fashioned by sable hands, trained by our own Fred Hope, in Darkest Atrica.

This loyalty is doubtless due to the policy ever pursued by the Alpha Sigma Literary Society, to create a democracy, wherein will be opened to all members equally the avenue to literary and oratorical experience, and provide a way to let members use as they can and will, in combined or individual action, the opportunities so liberally bestowed. It strives to overcome those tendencies which produce a life detached and isolated from the spirit of Maryville College. This policy is undoubtedly helping the College produce that valuable type of man, who knows something of the workings of the world about him; whose receptive mind lets in new ideas, that give him genuine sympathy with the problems that other men must face, and assists him to ally himself with the forces that work for the betterment of humanity.

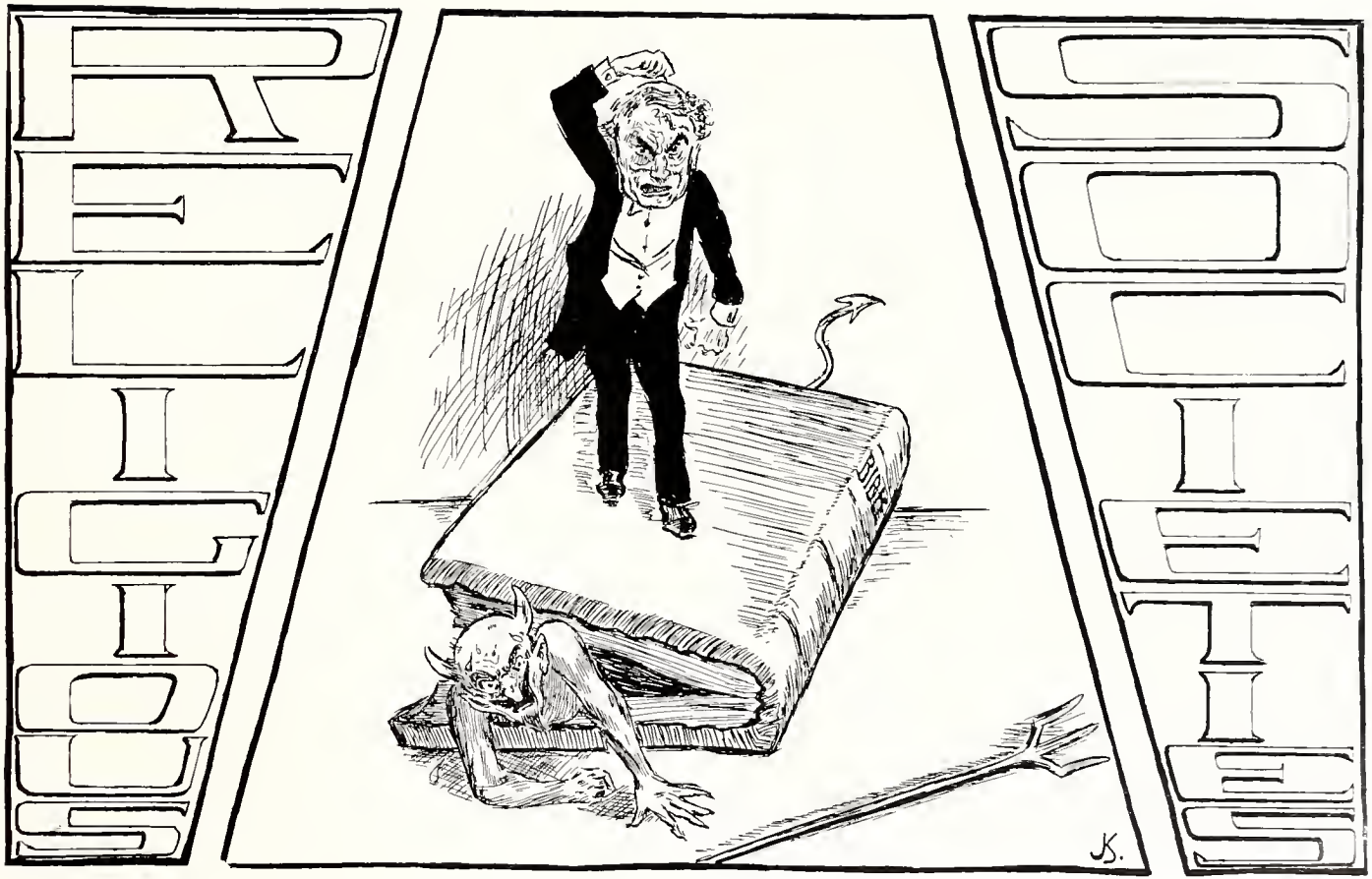
A Society like ours is but the assemblage of the talents, the capacities, the virtues of the students who compose it. To utilize these talents, to evoke these capabilities, to offer scope and opportunity for these virtues, is the avowed end and purpose of our organization. By providing an intellectual background, interwoven with college interests, its members are given an opportunity to acquire a stronger personality and widened business experience, that will be valuable in after life. And this is not all. The dust of oblivion may cover our records, our literary work may be forgotten, but if we have learned to be more sympathetic, more generous in spirit, and fairer in judgment, our work will not have been in vain.



Alpha Sigmas Making Good

(This series started in 1913 Chilhowean)
No. 2.

FRED HOPE—Graduated from Maryville College in 1906. While on the Hill he was an active leader in many lines of student activity. He was prominent in the Alpha Sigma Literary Society, was President of the Y. M. C. A. for two terms; and was responsible for the inauguration of the Lyceum course. After leaving Maryville he took a course of training in the White Bible Training School, at New York City, and in 1907 sailed for Africa where he took charge of the Frank James Industrial School, at Elat. This work has had a most surprising growth and is now one of the most successful missionary enterprises in the world. Maryville College students contribute to the support of this work, and look upon Fred Hope as their personal representative.


RELIGIOUS
SOCIETIES
JS.

Y. W. C. A.

The student who belongs to the Y. W. C. A. of Maryville College is then connected with one of the most prominent organizations of the country for the education, social and religious training of young women. This work is carried on especially in the large cities where there are splendid buildings well equipped for teaching domestic art and languages, for gymnasium work and for social times for the girls who would not otherwise be able to enjoy such privileges. This religious work, carried on by consecrated leaders, is becoming a large factor in the lives of young people for greater usefulness and higher living.

Almost every institution of higher learning has a Young Women's Christian Association. The union was organized in Maryville in 1888 and at present there are one hundred and twenty members enrolled. The Association stands for the aims and interests of the College and all that is highest, truest and noblest, educationally and socially. The object of this union of Christian young women is to help the best in every girl to become predominant; to develop Christian character and growth of spiritual faculties; to prompt each girl to glorify God in her daily life, and to bear his message to those whom she meets. The object is attained by means of organized Christian work carried out with interest and enthusiasm along various lines. There are prayer groups, Bible Study and Mission Classes, and the regular Sunday afternoon meeting.

To every girl, as she enters Maryville, the Christian Association bids a cordial welcome to the hearty participation in their fun, to earnest college work and to a large part in the Christian activity of the College. Every girl is invited to enter into this fellowship, for her strength in the service in the kingdom of God is needed, and the Association will be helpful in the development of her Christian life. As we progress each year in our education we are trying to grow "in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ" and to bring many in this and other lands to know Him "whom to know aright is life eternal."

Y M C A
1914
CABINET

Y. M. C. A.

Maryville College was founded by a Christian man and for the purpose of Christian education. Down through the years, as the College has grown, this foundation principle has ever been in view, and today, Maryville College stands before all else for Christian Education. It is therefore, a natural consequence that the religious organizations hold a foremost place in its activities. In the character and scope of its work the Y. M. C. A. stands at the head of these organizations.

Our Y. M. C. A. is recognized as one of the oldest and strongest of College Associations in the South. Our building is one of the finest to be found among Southern schools. It was built entirely through the efforts of students, years ago in the poorer and less pretentious days of the College. It serves as a home for the Y. M. C. A. and the Athletic Association.

The primary purpose of the Association is the Christian development of the student body, and it endeavors to employ a practical policy in the fulfillment of this purpose. There are of course the regular devotional meetings; there are large Bible and Mission Study Classes; there is a good readable library. In conjunction with other religious organizations of the College, we have, during the past year, sent delegates to sectional and national conventions. Each year the only Official Information Bureau on the Hill is conducted by the Y. M. C. A. The publication of the "College Handbook," containing condensed facts and statistics relating to the College, and the management of the Lyceum Course are entirely under the Association's direction and control. There is truly, no phase of college life which the Y. M. C. A. does not touch.

There are faults, plenty of them, in the Association work. But the purpose is worthy, the goal is high, the mission is from above. and whatever shortcomings there may be are but the mistakes in human efforts to do the Divine will.

Ministerial Association

"God had only one Son and He made Him a Minister"

OFFICERS

President ..... V. C. Detty
Vice-President and Editor ..... H. O. Bush
Secretary and Treasurer ..... C. F. Leonard

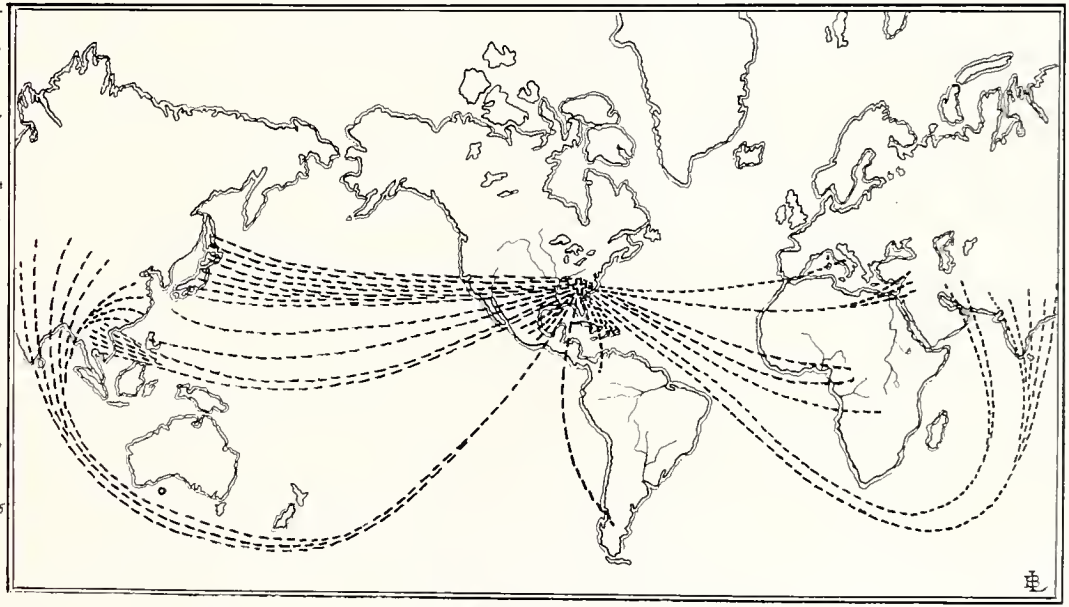
ACTIVE MEMBERS

S. N. Alter
A. E. Atiyeh
L. Burian
E. S. Campbell
R. S. Carson
J. Casterton
C. E. Conrad
M. G. Cook
F. M. Cross
L. L. Cross
D. F. Gaston
D. H. Hammil
A. G. Hinkle
S. W. Houston
E. R. Hunter
G. T. Liddell
F. L. Miller
A. S. Moore
H. B. Park
W. S. Perea
F. C. Peterson
F. K. T. Postlethwaite
R. A. Ramsey
J. V. Stephens
J. K. Stewart
W. H. Tilford
H. J. Wilson

Kansas City
Convention 1914 Delegates

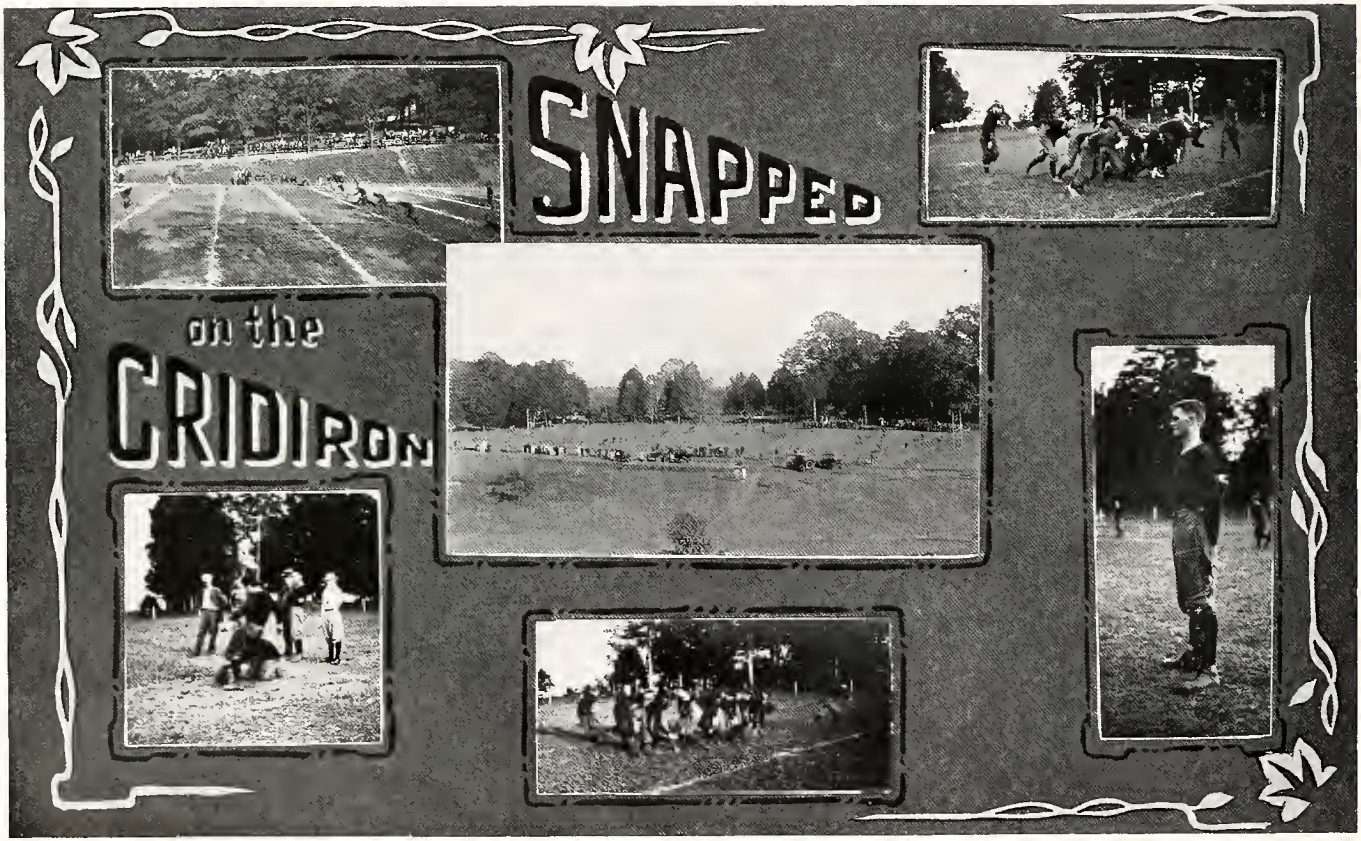
Maryville and the Uttermost Parts of the Earth.

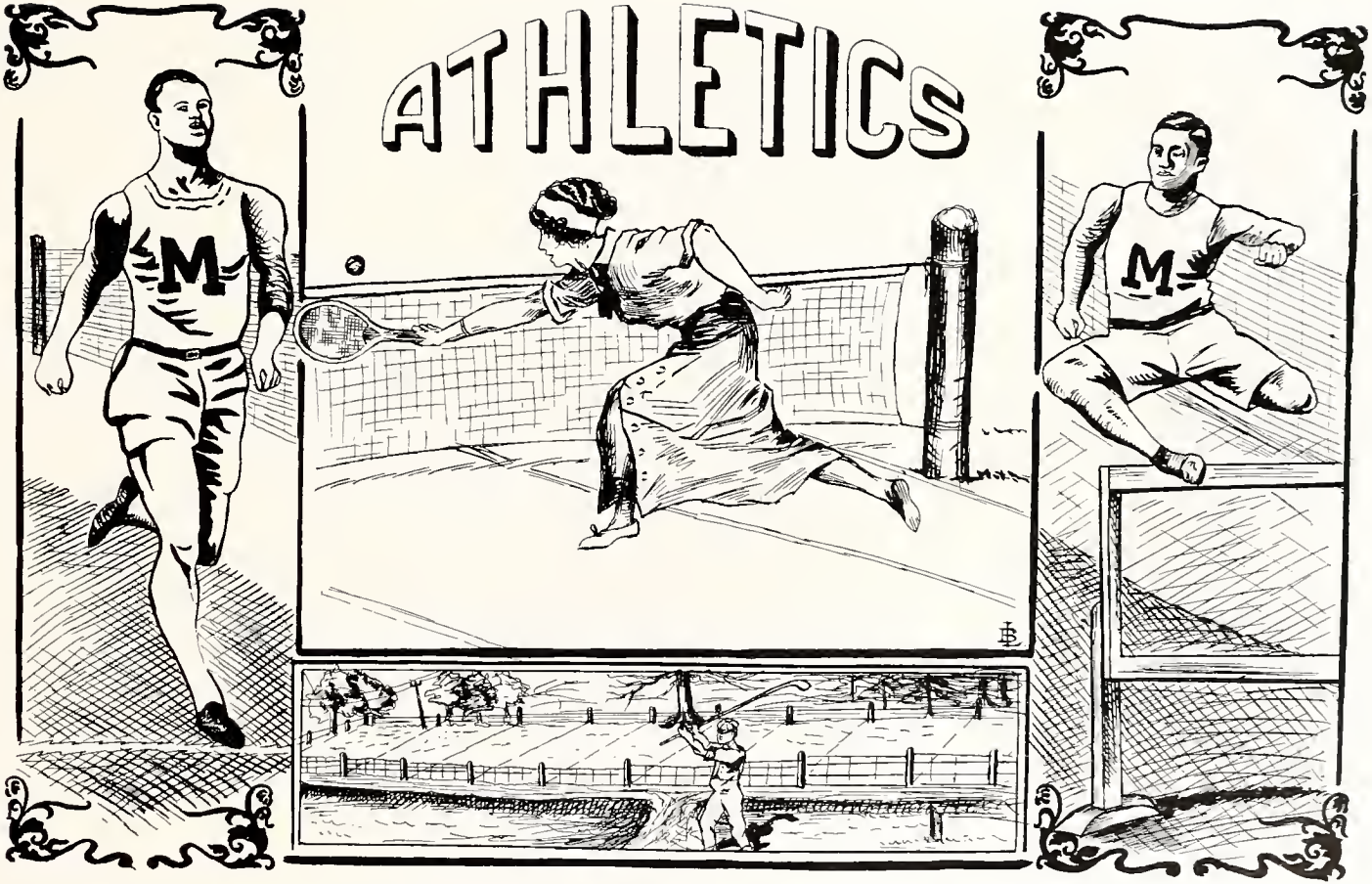
T. T. Alexander '73
E. B. Alexander '75
L. B. Tedford '77
S. M. Tedford
J. B. Porter '77
C. Porter
M. E. Henry '04
C. C. Bartlett '82
J. E. Rogers '78
S. T. Wilson '78
J. M. Hall
W. M. Greenlee '80
J. V. Heron
J. A. Silsby
O. K. McCandless
E. Marston
K. Takahashi '95
S. Katayama
W. L. Hall
C. Levering
E. V. Levering
C. C. Kochenderfer
S. C. Guigou '40



R. C. Jones '94
Mrs. J. M. Jones
R. W. Post '99
Mrs. M. S. Post '02
Miss E. Alexander '01
R. O. Franklin '03
G. M. Franklin
L. Hastings '01
Ch. N. Magill '99
J. Joyce
F. H. Hope '06
L. J. Hope '06
Wm. Cameron
G. W. Painter
M. Cooper
E. Winters
L. Alexander '05
A. Murphy '06
M. Moore '07
R. Elmore '00
E. M. Ewers '05
A. Kidder '13
K. Silsby '13

— Student Volunteer Band —


SNAPPED
on the
GRIDIRON


ATHLETICS
M
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FOOTBALL

1914

Football

As football seasons go, the past one at Maryville was a failure. Although unsuccessful in a sense, it must be remembered, however, that both teams cannot win, and that a defeated team is still successful if it can accept reverse quietly and fairly, and can feel that the utmost effort has gone into the development of the best team possible. In this way it is that the great game of football becomes ever more surely established as a clean and manly sport.

Certainly too great credit cannot be given the football men of the 1913 squad for their earnest efforts. At the beginning of the season six positions were open. Practice began in earnest early in September and an unusually large number reported for work. After some two weeks of practice a fast, medium-weight team had been developed.

The first game of the season, with Central High School on September 23rd, resulted in an easy victory by a score of 26 to 0. This game revealed the fact that we possessed a strong back-field and also plenty of contestants for the other vacant positions. Many substitutes were used in the progress of the game, and the outlook for a successful team was excellent. But our hopes were short-lived, for a few days later we lost four of our most valuable men. In the following games we were defeated by Vanderbilt, Tennessee, and Florida, and on October 20th, we lost to Stetson University at DeLand, Florida, by the score of 13 to 2. A break in our line of reverses came however in our next game which was with Athens School, here, we being victorious by a large score. But on November 1st King College gave us a surprise, defeating us 13 to 7. The next Saturday Cumberland University gave us the next big game of the season. The field was wet and muddy as a result of an all morning's drizzle. Our goal was in danger only once, when Cumberland by a fake play carried the ball with the aid of solid interference down the field eighty yards and across our goal. The game ended with the score 23 to 7 in our favor. Our last game of the season at home was with Chattanooga, on November 14th, and ended with a 14 to 7 score in the visitor's favor. Chattanooga's powerful offense was mainly built about Hampton who was the strongest and most consistent ground gainer on the field. Even then but for costly fumbles Maryville undoubtedly would have won.

In the Carson-Newman game, on November 22nd, the team did not seem to have recovered from the Chattanooga defeat, and the game was a disappointment, Carson-Newman winning by the score of 17 to 3. The season ended on Thanksgiving day with the annual Y. M. C. A. game on Wait field and again we were losers 18 to 0.

The work of the team as a whole was good. Clean, hard playing drew favorable comment wherever they played, while Coach Williams everywhere received much commendation for his novel plays.

BASKET
BALL

MC
1914

Girls' Basket Ball Team

FIRST TEAM

The girls' basketball team, although it had many drawbacks in the beginning of the season, has developed, under the direction of Coach Bond, into one of the strongest teams Maryville has ever produced. Out of the games already played, only one has been lost, and that by a small margin.

OFFICERS

L. E. Bond ..... Coach
Miss Annabel Person ..... Manager

LINE UP

Alma Armstrong ..... Forward
Dixie Webb ..... Forward
Ellston Rowland ..... Center
Katherine Sugg ..... Guard
Eva Samsel ..... Guard

SECOND TEAM

The second team can hardly be distinguished from the first. They deserve credit both for their own work, and their aid in developing the Varsity.

LINE UP

Nell Kirkpatrick ..... Forward
Dora Stinnett ..... Forward
Margaret Jones ..... Center
Louise Tilford ..... Guard
Elise Karnes ..... Guard

M
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1914

Basket Ball

The beginning of this year found every regular man of last season's team back in school. Coach Williams was also on hand, and prospects for a winning team were brighter than for years. These prospects have materialized. Taking into consideration the rapid development of basketball in the South, the constantly increasing strength of neighboring teams, and the vast extension of our schedule during the past few years, it is not improbable that we have, this year, the strongest basketball team that has ever represented Maryville College. Both in 1913 and 1914 we have made a good showing against the strongest teams in the South.

The greatest handicap has come from the ruling of the S. I. A. A. to the effect that in competing against Association Colleges and Universities, Maryville must play a team composed exclusively of college men.

The most extensive trip of the season was to Roanoke, Virginia. En route six games were played, Maryville winning two and losing four. At the close of the season, the Varsity will have played twenty games.

Next year we will lose "Jim" Brittain, who for three years has been our steadiest guard. However, the remaining members of the team will be back, and a fast aggregation should be developed.

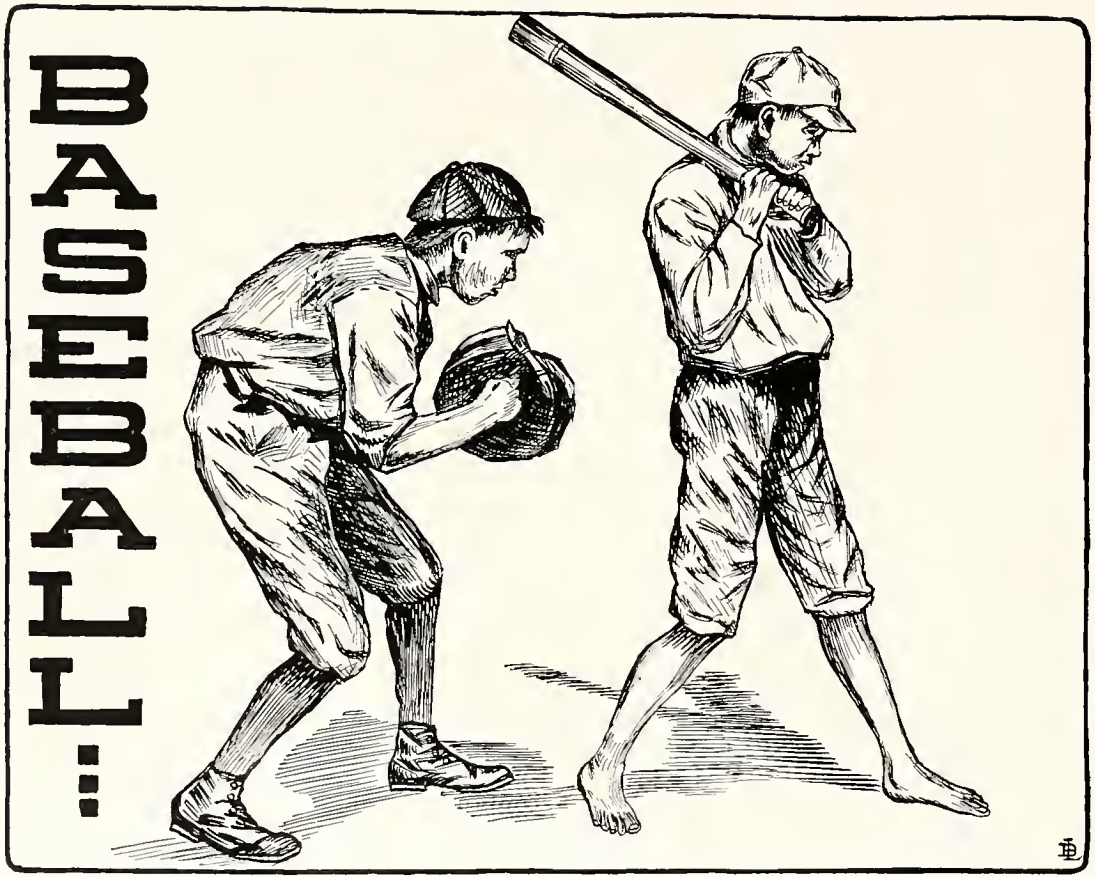
As usual the "Scrubs" are very strong and at this time have not met defeat.

SCHEDULE

M. C.— 49	Knoxville High School	—44
M. C.— 40	Carson and Newman	— 9
M. C.— 41	Johnson Bible College	—39
M. C.— 38	King College	—24
M. C.— 16	University of Tennessee	—38
M. C.— 20	Va. Polytechnic Inst.	—37
M. C.— 9	Roanoke College	—37
M. C.— 24	Daleville College	—18
M. C.— 13	Emory and Henry	—27
M. C.— 39	King College	—18
M. C.— 23	Tusculum	—31
M. C.— 22	University of Alabama	—41
M. C.— 42	Emory and Henry	—38
M. C.— 30	University of Chattanooga	—17
M. C.— 15	University of Tennessee	—36
M. C.— 19	University of Tennessee	—40
M. C.— 28	Tusculum	—25

TEAM

Reid Garrison, Captain	Forward
Ralph W. Lloyd, Manager	Forward
Oscar Robinson	Forward
James F. Brittain	Guard
David W. Proffitt	Guard
Allen Clark	Guard
George T. Liddell	Center
M. B. Crum	Center
George Williams	Coach


BASEBALL...

Baseball
April 1st
Marville vs Giants
Ad. Free. Take your
supper with you.

KNOXVILLE
MARYVILLE

Baseball

The 1913 baseball team was certainly composed of a bunch of "Come-backs." Not a case of old, worn, and rickety diamond veterans coming back into the ranks of college ball, but of hearty and happy college boys, who always came back home sober, and most of the time with an extra victory in their shoes, but not with extra shoes. Their favorite pastime was, to wait until the opposing team was sure of victory, then come back with such a storm of hits that the outfielders of the other team would use umbrellas. Twenty-one of twenty-seven games were pickled in Maryville jars.

Once they came back without either side winning but not when they played the New York Giants in Knoxville, and McGraw said, it was as good an all college team as he'd ever seen. When the season was over each man declared his intention of coming back for the 1914 season, and the most of them made that declaration good.

SCHEDULE, 1913

MARYVILLE VS.

Johnson Bible College	4-5; 5-2
Murphy College	11-2; 15-3
University of Tennessee	5-7
Carson-Newman College	1-2; 9-0; 8-4; 6-2
Knoxville Y. M. C. A.	5-1
New York National League	1-9
Cumberland College (Ky.)	6-6; 2-1; 5-2; 6-0; 3-1; 4-2
Knoxville Appalachian League	1-3; 4-8
Tusculum College	8-4; 6-4; 3-1; 4-2
University of Chattanooga	4-3; 4-3

TEAM

Vandergriff	First Base
Jackson	Second Base
Kelly	Third Base
Johnston	Short Stop
Reeves (Captain)	Left Field
McCall	Center Field
Russell	Right Field
Calloway	Right Field
Carver (Manager)	Catcher
Dawson	Pitcher
Nicely	Pitcher
Pile	Pitcher
King	Pitcher

Track

The track season of 1913 was a decided success. It is true, that with us track is still in its infancy, but as to the lustiness of that infant, the schools from both Virginia and Tennessee, who met us at Bristol can testify. It was our first contest outside of dual meets, and we handily took second place and threw quite a scare into the camp of Johnson & Co. (Tusculum), the winners.

The team that represented us was a consistent one, well-balanced, and dependable, the relay team showing a dash that was very pleasing.

Several records were broken, and several more equaled, for which there can readily be formed a reason: the men who accomplished this were those who had trained consistently.

We are looking forward this year to still greater achievements in this, the cleanest, most open and individualistic of college sports. We have the men, we have the spirit, and we will win.

Jeffries' Storehouse

Back in the Smoky Mountains is a low flat-topped hill, on the highest point of which stands a long low house. It seemed so strange and lonely there. The huge mountains surround and overtop it on every side, as if they wished to enfold it in their rough stony arms, and the rays of the sinking sun flooding in upon it, light the whole hilltop with yellow and gold. The bare stumpy field, in which this strange house stands, slopes gently down in all directions to a ring of rugged cliffs, and from the shadows far below one can hear the splash and tinkle of tiny streams as they play together in the darkness.

Come, my friends! Let us go together to this strange place to see what we can see. And now the lowering sun sinks through the distant pine-tops, where the pine-tops touch the sky. The gold fades into gray, and in the growing gloom the rough, yet kindly mountains, seem to hug more closely around. Now from the grayness of the housetop a wreath of smoke arises, faintly upward. A man is seen advancing from the building. He takes his stand near a stump in the center of the field and waits there, dark, silent, motionless, till he seems a stump himself in the dusky shadows.

As we draw near the house, we note its structure better. It is made of heavy logs with three small square windows. A garden plot is to one side. Let us enter unseen. We are in a long dimly lighted room, lined on either side with heavy wooden bunks. In the further corner around the table are gathered a number of men eating supper.

Bob Jeffries, a big burly fellow sitting at one end of the table, speaks first, "Andy, fetch up some of that licker." Andy, grumbling about somebody's turn, stalks to the door and signals to the sentinel in the field, then returning near the center of the room, he opens a trap door in the floor, and disappears.

His heavy footsteps going down staircase after staircase can be heard till the sound dies away from sheer distance. Then from the silence a blood-curdling yell arises faintly, as if from the bowels of the earth. Then another and still another follows, and Andy's heavy footsteps can be heard, as he comes furiously up the staircase.

In a moment he emerges from the open trap as from a catapult, his big eyes shining, his hair standing on end, and his long lank frame all in a tremble. He would have made out for the open, yelling like a mad man, had not Zeke, a big heavily-bearded fellow, caught him by the collar and kicked him down in a corner. The rest gathered around and asked him what the rumpus was about. When Andy, gulping hard, found voice enough to speak, he said that in one corner of the storehouse far below he had seen a live skeleton sitting on a keg. Bob Jeffries swore voluminously and called him a liar, nevertheless they all agreed in spite of dry throats and their love of "mountain dew" to wait till daylight before investigating the matter further.

Next day as the sun was tinting the east that house became the scene of much argument and debate. The subject, of course, was

Andy's ghost and who should go down to the storeroom to bring up the morning dram. At length, it was settled that the whole gang should go down, and as we enter we see all of them except Andy, one after the other, descend through the trap door. Out of curiosity, we, unseen, follow the others down the stairs. At the foot of the stairs they are standing in front of a door, none daring to open it. Surely none would have ventured down had not dry throats impelled them!

At last after consultation, Bob nervously grasps the latch and gathering all his courage together opens the door slightly. All peer through into a large cave-like room, which is dimly lighted by the torch Zeke carries. At one side where a spring flows down are two large stills, and in the corner a supply of unused corn; at the other side are piled kegs of different sizes and shapes; while directly in front is a large pool of water extending to the further wall. Above the crack through which we entered, the smoke from the stills, which usually is dissipated before it reaches the surface, goes up—an ideal place for moonshine.

With a jest about Andy's ghost, Zeke kicks the door open wide, and there, in the gloom of the cave, the white frame of a skeleton can be seen sitting on a barrel. A gasp comes from the crowd, and they stand with widening eyes and rising hair, as if spellbound, for slowly, as if from the ground, a dim red thing rises and remains flickering where the heart ought to be. For a time the loud breathing of the men is all that breaks the stillness, and then with a groan the flaming heart vanishes. In another instant the skeleton rises and is advancing! Human endurance can stand no more! The men rush past us up the stairs uttering shriek after shriek.

We, nothing loath, leave the cave and its inmates and when we reach the top, all the men are out in the open, talking and gesticulating wildly. Soon, as if driven by some unseen force they hurry back into the house, where they spend a troubled day quarreling and gambling, wishing for something besides water to quell their thirst.

That night Andy restlessly tossing on his bed feels a growing dread coming upon him, and, in the darkness and stillness, it grows into awful suspense. Suddenly a groan is heard as if it were from the ground. He starts up with his eyes fixed on the trap door, knowing though he didn't look around that the rest of the men were likewise watching. Again a groan is heard, this time just below the door. From the farthest corner some one empties his revolver at the trap. Then dreadful silence follows, and they are about to lie down again, when to their horror the door begins to open and a bony hand protrudes, and then another, and then as the crack widens a skull appears, its eyes gleaming red. They can endure it no longer, and in spite of the fear that drove them back into the house that morning they rush out through the door and across the clearing.

The rising sun next morning peering through the pines looked down upon a vastly different hilltop than he had seen before. Four large United States army tents were standing in the clearing, while smoke rising lazily from charred embers marked the place where the long low house used to be. In the front of the largest tent are a group of men who look like prisoners. They are sitting around in handcuffs and irons, while soldiers, pacing back and forth, watch them carefully.

As we approach we discover that those men whom we took for soldiers wear the badge of revenue officers. They are joking with the men in chains about their misfortune.

"Well," said a fellow we at once recognized as Zeke, "You'd never hev got in Jeffries' storehouse if it warn't for ghostes."

"Oh, we are on to our job," said one of the officers. "This isn't the first moonshine storehouse we have discovered and, of course, you fellows don't believe in anything like ghosts."

"What did you see—a skeleton?" asked another officer, laughing.

"Yes, and it had lights in its eyes," said Andy with an oath.

"Oh, well," said the first officer, "I can explain that. I did it myself. I got a skeleton over here in the woods and set it up down in the storeroom. Those lights you saw were just bits of candle with tissue paper in front of them. I just took the skull and hands off and showed them at the trap door when you fellows got so scared last night."

For several minutes there was silence which was at last broken by Bob Jeffries, owner of the still. "That's a'right, but how'd you get down thar?"

"That's easy enough," said the officer, "but to understand it I shall have to explain how the storehouse was first made. A long time ago a fault ran lengthwise of this hill. A fault is where one part of the ground sinks down and the rest stays still. Well, that's what happened. And you fellows just found an opening where the crack had been, and by blasting out a boulder here and there and putting in a staircase, you made a passage way down to the big ledge of granite which formed the floor of the storehouse. Well, I saw where the fault had been, and when I could catch you fellows I surmised just what you had done. So following the fault along for about a mile I came to a place where the granite ledge came to the surface out on Big Bend Mountain, and seeing a cave along on the top of this, I followed and came to your cellar."

"Hump," grunted Dan Sexton, "the walls of the cave were solid rock all around, do you spose we'd a-stored our licker thar if it warn't?"

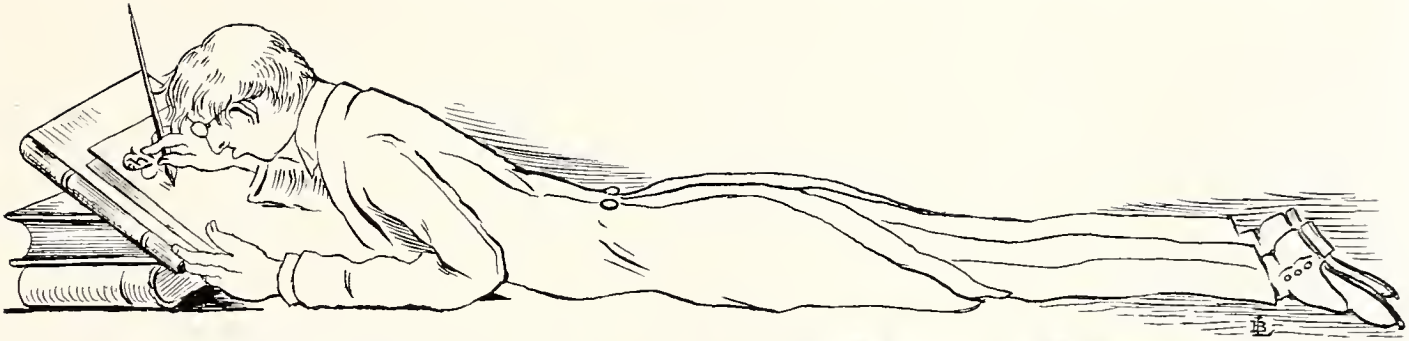
The officer smiled and said, "Did you ever feel of the wall under that pool in the corner?"

"No," said Dan.

"Well, if you had," said the officer, "you would have found a passage way, two feet deep, underneath the water. I dived through it." Then turning, he called to the other officers, "All right there, men, strike camp. Let's get to town tonight."

College Monthly
MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY

STAFF
Chilhowean



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The Chilhowean

Vol. IX 1914 No. 1

Maryville College, Maryville, Tennessee

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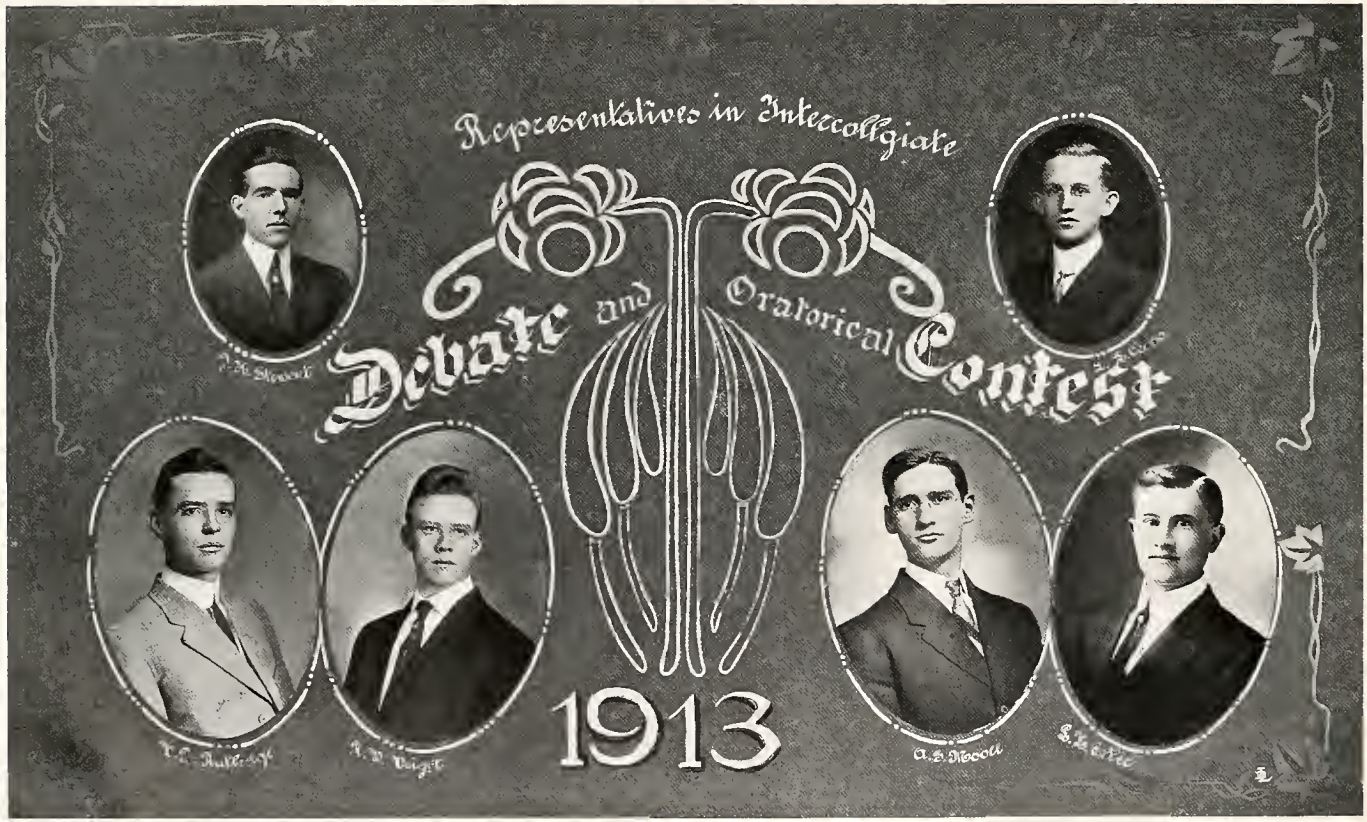
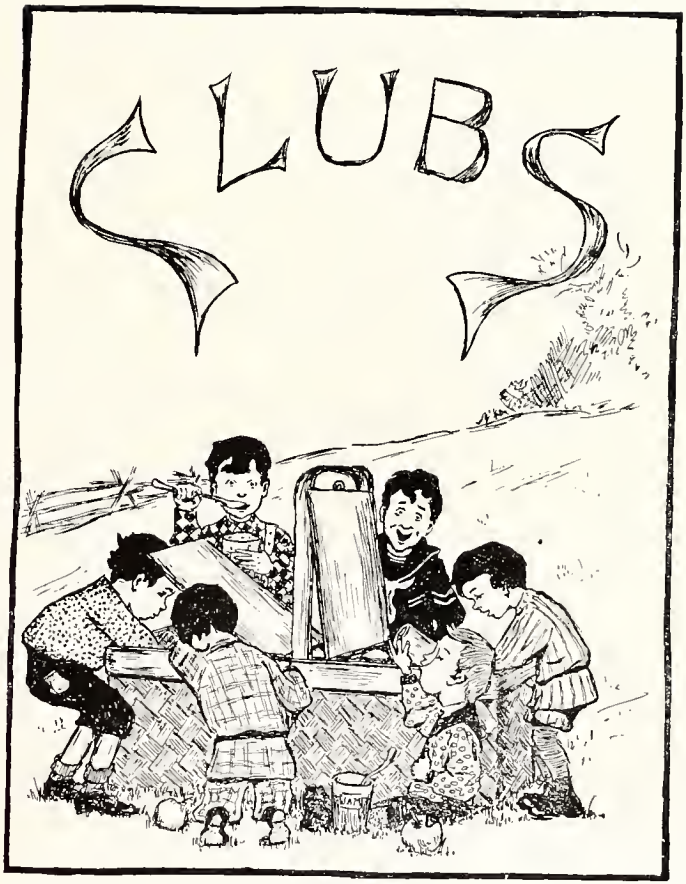

Representatives in Intercollegiate
Debate and Oratorical Contest
1913


CLUBS

JS.

Bicycle Club

MOTTO: "Say, Mister, yer wheel's a-turnin'" FLOWER: Bluebell

OFFICERS

H. M. WAGGONER.....President
M. C. HUNT.....Vice-President
F. G. COOPER.....Secretary and Treasurer

"'Is this, is this your joy,
O bird, then I, though a boy,
For a golden moment share
Your feathery life in air!'

"Say, heart, is there aught like this
In a world that is full of bliss?
'Tis more than skating, bound
Steel-shod to the level ground.

"Speed slackens now, I float
A while in my airy boat;
'Till when the wheels scarce crawl,
My feet to the pedals fall."

MOTTO: Be good and you'll be lonesome

FLOWER: White Rose

COLORS: Blue and White

"Wag the Chief"	LOUISE DEAN	"E. Z."
"The Army"	MILDRED PAYNE	"Jimmy"
"Blunderboo"	FAWN BRIGHT	"Fawney"
"Plain Kewp"	MARGARET SKELTON	"Jack"
"Careful-of-his-voice"	TALEETA MEYERS	"Pie"
	"PIG" MEYERS§	

§ Deceased.

Cubs, '14

Lindsay Johnson
Julian Birdsall
Clyde Rugel
Frank Titsworth
John De Armond
Edgar Birdsall
Charles Adams
Joseph Laswell
Clyde Hickman
Robert Gamon
Robert Rogers
George Lee
Rea Butler

Red Club

Motto: Par Oneri

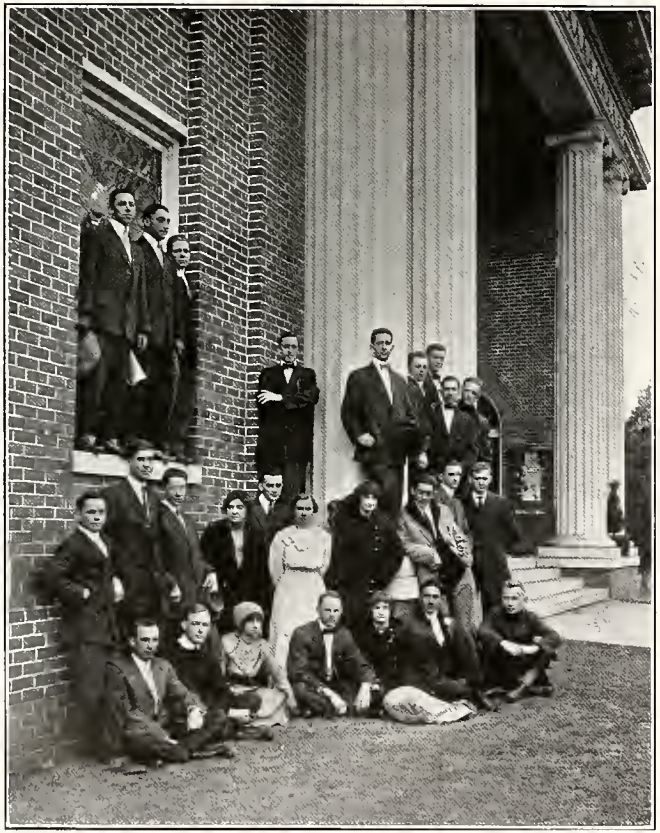
Colors: Crimson and Gold

Flower: Golden Glow

OFFICERS

President.....Mary Kate Rankin
Vice-President.....J. Charles Walker
Secretary.....Celia Rough

Our Aim: To make the world brighter
Our Desire: To see red hair properly appreciated
Our Greatest Blessing: Our Crowning Glory



Middle Tennessee

FLOWER: Peach-bloom MOTTO: Via media tritissima

OFFICERS

GEORGE ADAMS ..... President
RICHARD BENSON ..... Vice-President
CLINTON SMITH ..... Secretary

The moonlight falls the softest
In middle Tennessee.
The summer days come oftest
In middle Tennessee.
Friendship is the strongest
Love's light glows the longest
Yet, wrong is always wrongest
In middle Tennessee.

The songbirds are the sweetest
In middle Tennessee.
Hard times are the fleetest
In middle Tennessee.
The Cumberlands tower proudest
The Tennessee roars loudest
Nature's beauties are the fairest
And coldest hearts are rarest
In middle Tennessee.

Pennsylvania Club

Motto: "Festina Lente"

Song: "Our Pennsylvania" Flower: Sweet Pea

OFFICERS

President.....HARRY O. BUSH

Secretary and Treasurer.....VICTOR C. DETTY

"My friends, when I think of this great man who in a dark age, preached Toleration, or in other words the Love of Jesus, a dream rushes upon my soul. One night in a dream I beheld a colossal rock, a mountain of granite, rising from illimitable darkness into bright sunshine. Around its base was midnight: half way up was twilight; on the very summit shone the light of God's countenance.

"A voice whispered—'This awful rock, built upon midnight, girdled by twilight, with the light of God's face shining upon its brow, this awful rock is the History of the World.'

"Far down in blackest midnight, I beheld certain lurid, horrible shapes, going wildly to and fro. 'These,' said the voice, 'these are the butchers of the human race, called Conquerors.'

"Half way up in the dim twilight, a multitude of Popes, Reformers, Pretended Prophets and Fanatics, were groping their way with stumbling footsteps, darkness below and twilight around them. 'These,' said the voice, 'are the numerous race of creed makers, who murder millions in the name of God.'

"But far up this terrible rock,—yes, yonder in the eternal sunshine which broke upon the highest point of its summit, side by side with St. Paul, and the Apostles, stood a commanding form, clad in an unpretending garb, with a wild glory playing over his brow; that form, the Apostle of God to the New World, William Penn."

Wm. Allison
J. V. Alexander
Porter Axley
M. L. Bost
David Briggs
R. S. Carson
Anne Cochrane
Sadie Castor
Bertha Carpenter
E. S. Campbell
W. A. Robinson
H. C. Enloe

W. R. Garrison
Katherine Gallion
Gordon McCoy
Margaret McDaniels
Lucile Orr
J. R. Oliver
Wm. Pleasants
Annie Pleasants
Ernest Panther
F. C. Peterson
A. Z. Davis
J. B. Tweed
Ellie Garrison

North Carolina Club

Motto: To be rather than to seem — Flower: Rhododendron

OFFICERS

L. Z. Eller ..... President
Nan Freeman ..... Vice-President
Augustus Sisk ..... Secretary and Treasurer

Anne Crane
Bessie Cotton
Aubery Williams
Albert Murray
Henry Prichett
William Cosby
Perry Kellum

Pearl Keeble
Ruth Alter
Frank Cross
D. F. Gaston
Chester Leonard
H. E. Blauvelt
John M. Bridges

Alabama Bounders

Motto: No rest till we get there

Yell: On the way

Colors: Crimson and White

OFFICERS

Laurence Cross.....President
Loraine Sheer.....Vice-President
Gaston Cooper.....Secretary and Treasurer

SONG

What if we do get dirty?
What if we do get black?
We're bound for Alabama
And we don't give a rap.

Kentucky Club

Motto: "United we stand, divided we fall"

OFFICERS

President.....Charley Smith, Harlan
Vice-President.....Dorothy Taylor, Owensboro
Secretary and Treasurer.....Mary Lucile Patton, Winchester

MEMBERS

Alfred Biggs.....Grayson
Seaton Biggs.....Grayson
Eila Carson.....Brodhead
Roxie Croley.....Williamsburg
Pauline Dorris.....Providence
Garland Hinkle.....Inez
Joe Laswell.....Owensboro
Gertrude Martin.....Brodhead
Noble Stevens.....Yamacraw
Louise Tilford.....Ludlow
William H. Tilford.....Ludlow
Ernest Ward.....Inez
H. J. Wilson.....Pryorsburg

It has been some time since Maryville has had a Law Club, but this year realizing that there were so many students who intend to study Law, we decided that we could best prepare ourselves for our chosen profession by more organized association with each other. Therefore, we organized. We hold regular bi-weekly meetings and discuss problems that have arisen or will arise in the near future. We never fail to make ourselves understood and always "stand pat" on our views. We stand for a thorough reformation of the bar and unequivocal enforcement of law. Those who apply for admission to our Club, must stand rigid examinations and present high marks of attainment.

Law Club

MOTTO: "People cannot live without us, and certainly cannot die without us"

President.....CHAS. E. DAWSON
Vice-President.....R. A. RAMSEY
Secretary.....W. H. PRITCHETT
Treasurer.....DECK WILLIAMS

Ministers' Sons' Club

Although we are here represented as few in number, we can boast of many more, who busy here and there were unable to join with us in this representation. We have organized a club with the view that we may better uphold the traditions of our fathers, and to make known our noble lineage. Some of us will continue in a more direct way to emulate these traditions, by spreading the Gospel which our fathers proclaim. Others of us, wherever called, will make it our high purpose to live up to our ancestral training and guidance.

Motto: "The Christian Ministry is the worst of all trades, but the best of all professions."

OFFICERS

President ..... CHAS. E. DAWSON
Vice-President ..... L. L. CROSS
Secretary and Treasurer ..... E. R. HUNTER

Jew's Harp Quartet

MOTTO: Fill the world with music

FAVORITE SONG: Rose in the Bud

OFFICERS

BIG CHIEF PRITCHETT,
President and Professor of Harmony Emeritus

RICHARD BENSON,
Musical Director and Custodian of Instruments

FRED KING.....Treasurer and Procurer of Elbow Grease

ROBERT DEAN.....Manager and Supervisor of Lyrics and Concerts

We are the gallant four, who have charmed fair damsels and princesses of distant lands; who have caused kings and queens to bow in adoration before the melodious vibration of our microscopic instruments; who have given to the world the sweetest melodies e'er drawn from instrumental tongues; and who have won undying fame and glory for ourselves both at home and abroad, through our enchanting lyrics and regaling concerts.

The Maryville College Chess Club

New things are all that make life interesting. Last fall a brand new club beat its way into Society. Its official name is "The Maryville College Brotherhood of Chess Boosters." At a recent meeting of the stockholders, Tom Mitchell was elected President, and Oscar Robinson Secretary. The privilege conferred by the Club on its members is the right to play each other member a series of Chess Games. According to the New York Times Mr. Liddell is leading with a batting average of 800 and will probably win out in the World's Championship Series. Speaking of the Club the Literary Digest says, "No other institution is attracting so much attention today as the M. C. Chess Club. The failure of Uncle Sam to dissolve this combination is an item of international interest."

Jims

See us! look at us! gaze on us fondly,
We are the Jims of the Class Fourteen,
Proud of us! Sure they are, for we are truer
Even than steel, and yes fully as keen.

Jimmy K. Stewart, late comeback from Wooster,
Jimmy F. Brittain of basketball fame,
Jimmy T. Gamble, the moonshining booster,
All of us Jimmies and proud of our name.

JOKES

Notice
$ 100 Reward!!!!!
For one good jake.
Editor of Norrville College
MONTHLY

"Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more."

—Pope.

Ludvik (to Charlotte, who is laughing): "Charlotte, do not laugh so much. You will make draught."

Dr. Barnes: "Mr. Tilford, will you please go and borrow Miss Green's eye, ear, and brain?"

Hard Luck, Gibson!

" 'Dearest,' he said with tenderest tone,
"I never loved but thee.'
'Then, we must part,' the maiden said,
'No amateurs for me.' "

$Mn\ O_2 + 2KClO_3 + heat = Mn\ O_2 + 2KCl + 2O_3$

Prof. McClenahan: "Mr. Calloway, what is the office of the Manganese Dioxide in this equation?"

Henry: "Why, that's a tantalizer."

Dr. Lyon (meeting Ensign in Knoxville the day of the U. T. game): "Well, Mr. Ensign, are you going to the game today?"

Ensign: "I either am or am not."

Jimmie had a little lamb,
He led it off to Wooster;
But Jimmy's back for, for M. C.
That lamb was sure a booster.

Nell: "Do you know, Jim, I like Isaac a great deal better than I ever did before? He is so interesting and entertaining. He "talks shop" so much since he came back to school"

Jim: "Why, Nell, I never knew Isaac even worked in a shop. I thought he was a street car conductor."

Nell: "Why he is. He is always saying, 'Sit up closer, please!' "

"There was a young lady named Lynn,
Who was so exceedingly thin,
That, when she essayed
To drink lemonade,
She slipped through the straw and fell in."

(Mrs. Alexander's Favorite Poem.)

Jim: "Lindsay, you have a feather on your cheek."

Lindsay: "Yes, I've been fooling around a chicken."

Reeves (after Brother's return from Missouri): "How did you get along in Mo.?"

Brother: "Oh, I held my own."

Ralph Lloyd (in Political Science Class): "Yes, Doctor, those Mormon Missionaries bring thousands of converts to Salt Lake City every year so as to preserve them in the faith, I suppose."

Dr. Barnes: "Don't you think, Mr. Lloyd, it might be wiser to preserve them in Salt Lake?"

Hinkle, Hinkle, Senior star,
I do not wonder what you are.
Your arguments I know right well,
And all your foolishness can quell.

—Dr. P. W. Lyon.

Et tu, Ramsey.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in thy Philosophy."

A STUDENT CATASTROPHE

Once upon a time Mary Heard that Lizzie Lent a lamp to a friend, so she went into the next room, and there saw Anne Crane to see as the lamp turns over and Cora Burns. She rushed out, but couldn't find the matron so she had Minnie Hunter.

"More water," some one calls, so they Add Moore.

Then they had Jim Gamble around the room, and Lawrence Cross the hall to get some wool, which they had seen Oliver Shearer from a pet sheep the day before. Not finding it, some one asked, "Doesn't Mary Camp near here?"

At this suggestion they go there, and on the way Mary Boggs up. Everyone stopped and laughed as they saw Owen Pile rocks for her to step on. He got mad and asked, "Why in the world doesn't Ruth Work and who said that Aletha May fool around in this mud?"

Before they reached the camp they discovered that it was useless to go further, as the fire had been put out.

Moral—Always obey the rules. This whole catastrophe happened because Lizzie Lent and its against the rules to borrow and lend in Pearsons.

Alphabet a la Maryville

A is for Alma:—See the Happy girl with the wide grin. Is she always happy? No, she is Editor-in-Chief.

B is for Brittain:—See the busy little man. Will he speak to us? Oh, no, he is afraid we will ask him for money.

C is for Campus:—Our Campus is pretty. Campus is also a verb. It is used like this—"We will campus the bad girls."

D is for Daddy:—Whose Daddy is he? He is our Daddy. See him hit the ball. He is Daddy of the Maryville College Golf Club, too.

E is for Ensign:—I see two Ensigns. Are they brothers? No, one of them is a suffragette.

F is for Faculty:—It is also for Flunk. Do the Faculty flunk? No, but they flunk us.

G is for Goddard:—See the girls look at the handsome man. He is Tom Goddard. He is our football Captain.

H is for Harry:—Hear him sing. No, it is not a bird. It is Mr. Bush. Is he not cute? His name is Harry.

I is for Idea:—An idea is something we cannot see. Seniors are supposed to have them, especially Annual Editors.

J is for Joke:—A joke is funny. Oh, see the funny man. Is he a joke? No, he is not. He is Mr. Bond.

K is for Kelly:—See our big third baseman. He is Mr. Kelly. Can he run? No, but he can walk very fast. Slide, Kelly, slide!

L is for Leave:—Why does the boy leave the house? The house is Baldwin. The boy is Reeves. It is 5 o'clock. See him leave.

M is for Matron:—It is also for Miss Mollie. Miss Mollie is Matron. Will she report us? No, but Mr. Moore will. M is for lots of things, is it not?

N is for Nothing:—The students had nothing for dinner. Did they like it? No, there was not enough.

O is for Open:—This is Mr. Babcock's store. Is it open? No, but it will be in a minute. Let us go in and buy a Hershey.

P is for Pocket:—What has the man in his pocket? It is a flash-light. Is he afraid? No, he is Prof. Walker. He will flash it at us.

Q is for Quiet:—See the quiet girls. Why are they quiet? It is quiet hour. They are quiet so the Matrons can sleep.

R is for Ralph:—O, see the boys play with the basketball. Can Ralph play well? Yes, let us ask him to let us play, too.

S is for Sophomores:—Do you see the Sophomore boys? No, they are all in their rooms. They always stay there and study.

T is for Threlkeld:—Is he a football player? No, he is a fullback. Will he plunge the line? No, but he will try to.

U is for U. T.:—Will they care if we make fun of them? No, they will not notice it. Let us leave them alone.

V is for Vain:—Who is the vain man? It is Mr. Miller. He is President of the Senior Class.

W is for Women:—See the boys dressed like women. They are the Alpha Sigmas. They are giving a Midwinter Program. Is it not fun?

X is for Xams:—See the merry boys and girls. Are they taking Xams? No, they are going to class parties.

Y is for Yodel:—Do you hear the man yodel? He is a college man. Is he happy? Yes, he is very happy. He has been Moonshining.

Z is for Zebra:—Did you ever see a zebra? No, but Chauncey saw one at the World's Fair.

A Lament

Of One on Being Deprived of Social Privileges

(With Acknowledgments to Mr. Shakespeare)

When in disgrace with stern Miss Mollie's eyes,
  I all alone, in stately Pearsons sate;
And troubled deaf walls with futile, bootless cries,
  And wiped my weeping eyes, and cursed my fate;
Wishing again to share the gladdening hope,
  When all the gallant lads to Pearson's come,
That one might call for me, but, oh, the scope
  Of my stern, bitter, unrelenting doom.
When in such hours as these, all law despising,
  I count the days till June, 'tis then my state
Is like domestic science biscuits, never rising;
  My heart lies broken like a schoolboy's slate.
For June alone, my fate's undoing brings,
And June alone can heal dishonor's stings.

At Staff Meeting

Miller (reading from an old Annual): "Listen to this Freshman definition of a kiss, 'A kiss is nothing divided by two.' "

Hunter: "That's alright, but I thot a kiss was two divided by nothing."

Burian (after a pause beginning to laugh): "Well, I got it at last."

Alma: "It's pretty hard to get, but it's sure good when you get it."

The Maryville College "Daily Moonshiner," May 31, 1924, copies the following list of books reviewed in the "Literary Predigest" of that week as of especial interest to Maryvillians, inasmuch as they are the work of famous Alumni of the institution.

"Peculiarities and Commercial Value of the Tennessee Pearl." —V. C. Detty, '14.

"The Place of the Horse in Roman Literature."—C. E. Dawson.

"The Phantom Ship and Other Poems."—Mary Kate Rankin, '14.

"The Song of Our Syrian Guest."—Madge T. Reagan, '15.

"Who's Who, in North Carolina."—E. M. Reeves, '14.

"The Lady or the Fairy, or My Experiences as a Sophomore." —H. W. Threlkeld, '16.

"My Pet Words and Phrases."—Grace G. Elmore, '14.

"My Experience as an All-American End."—L. E. Bond.

"The Habits and Habitat of a Stingaree."—Eva M. Samsel, '14.

"The Importance of Posing."—Cora Burns.

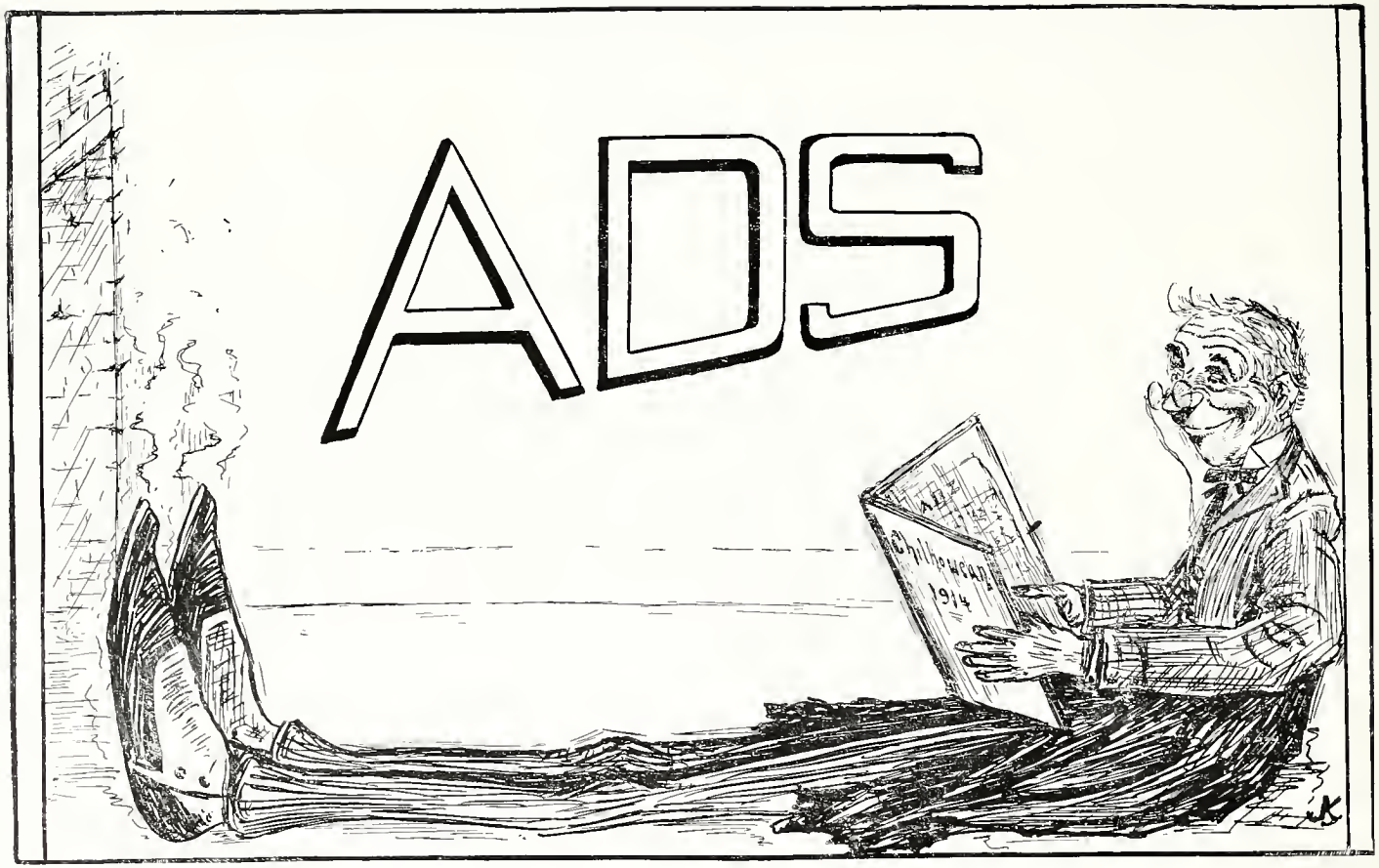
Afterword

The goal we strove for, it has taken wings;
And now upon the hill across the vale
Of life's plain duties, calls us still to come.

No need to linger here, no thot of pause;
We've only gathered strength these early years,
That we may follow still our flying goal.

No thot of vain despair, that it has flown;
But rather joy, that it has called us on,
And rather joy that we are fit to go.

And so, no sadness as we say farewell,
As earlier paths we leave for sterner ways;
But only glory in our flying goal.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" 1	"	Knoxville	7:30 A.M.	"	Maryville	8:10 A.M.
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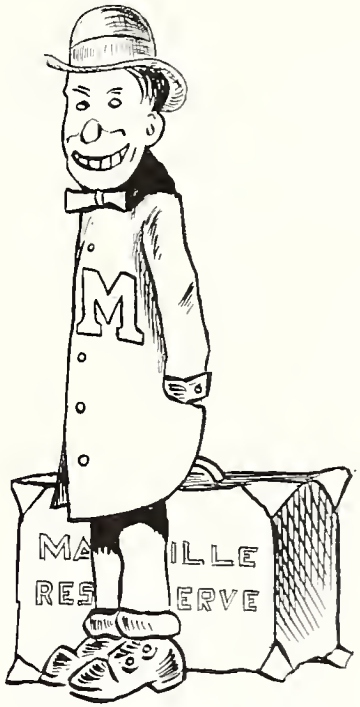

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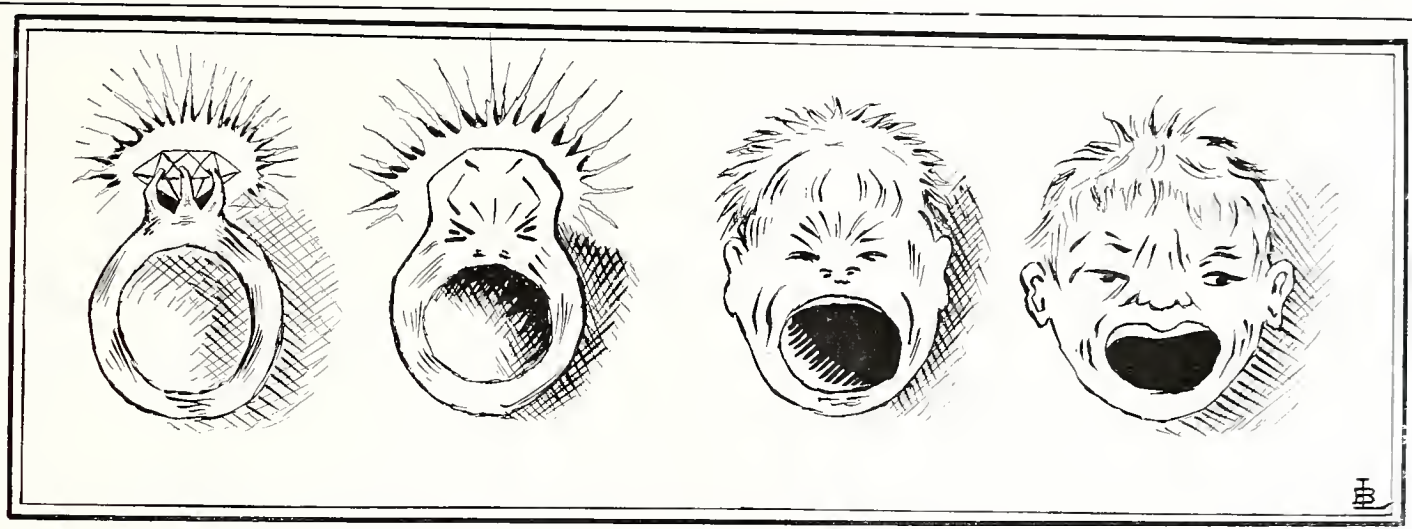

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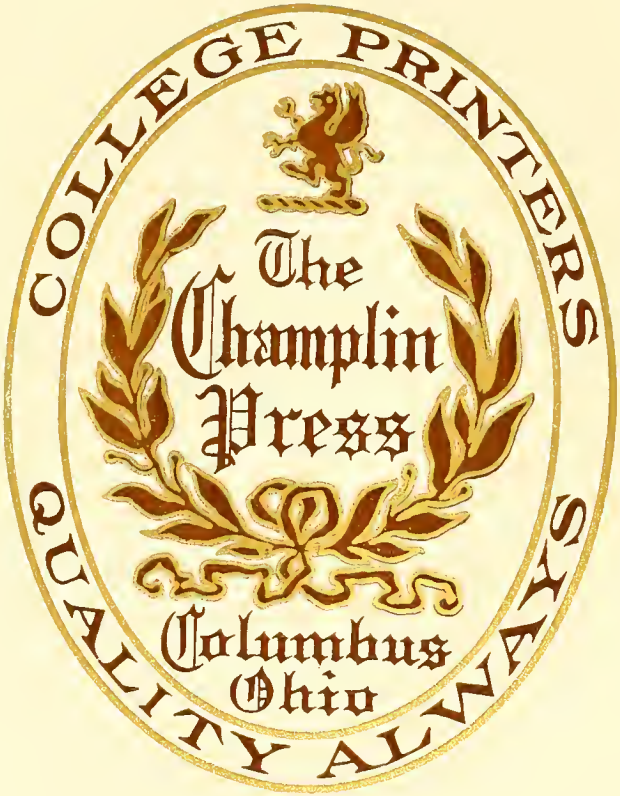

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